

WHIGGS
Gal & Pa
Supplication,

A
MOCK-POEM
In Two PARTS.

Gal
To: By S. C. *Vind'say*
SE



EDINBURGH.

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Wm D. Allen



THE
A U T H O R S
A P P O L O G Y to the
R E A D E R.

CHRISTIAN Reader,

Verses are like Ladies Faces, good or bad,
as they are fancied (saith Don Quix-
ot) and Mock Poems, which bite not,
are like Eggs eaten without Salt (saith
another of the same Metal) that is, whose Tongue was
a great deal wiser then his Head.

In those following Lines I am more Tart to none
then to my self: And therefore I may be excused if
I tell in Rhime, how some used me in Prose; I speak
truth which is expedient to be known, and therefore
no Lawyer will averr I transgress the Law.

With all the World beside, I am like a blind man,
dealing blowes, not knowing whom I hit; If any shall
challenge me that I touch them, I will answer, that
I knew not so much before they informed me, as an-
swered that famous Satyrist to a Noble Roman,
who expostulated with him for smiting him in a Poem.

I am many wayes wronged: And first, by Tran-
scribers,

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scribers, who stealing Copies of my Lines, have transmitted them every where, like Pictures on the wrong side of Arras Hangings, spoiled with Thrumbs and Threeds, or like Faces disfigured by the Pox, great or small, as ye please: Or like sermons repeated by Children and Serving Lasses in a Presbyterian Family-Exercise, Or like one of Bishop Andrews Sermons re-preached the other day by an Expectant, in his Episcopall Trial for the Ministry.

I am, Secondly, wronged by false Copies, and that by men either malicious to bring me to trouble, or ignorant, not apprehending my scope, who in stead of mending my Lines, have marred them all. And who striving to pull me out of the Mire, hath thrown me into the Well, not to wash me, but to drown me: Or into the Fire, not to dry me, but to burn me.

Thirldy, I am most of all prejudged by the late Dutch War, which occasioned the bringing in of such superfluity of Brandie, which entring the brain of some of the worshippers of Bacchus, hath there hatched Glosses of my Lines, like that of Orleance, destroying the Text.

Those Brandy Interpreters may be compared to Children espying shapes and figures in the fire; Or to those who are giddie with drink, imagining apparitions in the Clouds; or to old Wives Commenting on Merlins or Rymers Prophecies; Or to bad Divines expounding the Revelation, who obtrude groundless fancies upon the ignorant multitude, for Evangelical truths.

If those Gentlemen hit my meaning, any censure is

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too little for me; If not, no punishment is too great for them: And that for two reasons.

First, because they apply Passages of my Lines to Men of Honour, of whom (GOD is my witness) I did not dream. Secondly, because they make the World believe I am biting those whose wounds I am licking, given by the biting of other Doggs.

These things considered, it is easie to answer all which is objected against me. And first, some of the Society of Gotham Colledge had an intention to burn my Lines, because I bring in Whiggs speaking too boldly in the Supplication, and else where. But I answer, If those Gentlemen speak as they think, I commend their zeal, but not their wisdom; And who ever shal take the pains to burn them for Witcher, will lose both Coals and labour. I demand of them, if one should pen a Play of the Powder-plot, and bring in the Conspirators, exhorting each other to blow up the Parliament-house, who will tax the Author of Treason? or who will tax the Psalmist of Athiesm, for averring, The fool hath said in his Heart, There is not a GOD! All not meer ignorants know it is permitted to Poets, good or bad, to personate a discourse, that is, to bring in Rebels speaking Treason, and Athiests Blasphemy; And why may not I, a Poetaster, or Poets Ape, bring in fools speaking foolishly, and wise men wisely, and yet be neither a wise man nor a fool my self? And if I be neither, I must either be a mix'd man, or else nothing. And in effect some call me a mix'd man, others nothing: But since those who call me nothing are

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are highly offended at me, they must of necessity confess they are offended at nothing: I am more charitable to them, I think they are something. What sort of thing it is, all the world knoweth, whatever it be, it is worse then nothing.

They object, Secondly, that without Authority I have imposed a grievous Taxation upon the Liedges, in exacting five Dollers for every Copy, which may be called treason.

But I answer, since I charge them not with hording to make payment, the worst they can call it is but begging, which it is not, but a nameless Contract, *Do ut des*. And at first I did not dream of taking money for those Lines, untill some known bitter enemies to the Presbyterians enforced each of them five Dollers on me for a Copy: they told me, I might as well take Money for Rhime, as Ministers and Lawyers for Prose, and Physicians for nothing, and worse then nothing; Some Pleading, Preaching, and Curing (it is true) deserves Money a great deall better then my Lines: But it is as true, that some of all three deserves it worse; If my Lines do no good, they do no hurt to the Souls, Bodies, or Estates of any.

Secmdly, I demand Money of no Man, yea, I refuse it when it is offered, not in jest, untill they make it appear they offer it in earnest, which they do many wayes; some throw Money on the Ground, some on the Table; Some tell they'l have none of my Lines, except I take their Money; Some say I undervalue them, when I refuse their Money; Some say, they are abler

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to give me money, then I am to want it; some bid Devil brake their neck, if I take not their Money: Some bid God damn them if I take not their Money; yea, I can instruct, that a Sea-Captain offered to strick off my head with a Shable, If I refus'd his Money: but the more moderate put Money unaworse in the Pocket of my Coat, which many think I keep unbuttoned of purpose. Mistake me not, Reader, I am not instructing how Money should be offered, but how it should not be offered, lest I take it.

Thirdly, that I am not avaricious, appears by my vowing to take no Money from Ministers and Ladies; but they say, I take Gold. But I answer, they eluded my vow by equivocation, putting Gold unaworse in the neck of my Doublet, and then run away, and I following to restore it, stumbled. They instance I stumbled of purpose, that I might not reach them: But they are still mistaken, for a Lady having used me so, I followed her to her Chamber, and when I endeavoured to return her Gold to her pocket, her Maid (mistaking my meaning) thinking perhaps I was searching for the wrong Pocket, tax'd me of incivility; So I was necessitate either to keep her Gold, or else be thought uncivil to a Lady: Let any indifferent Man judge which was the least of the two evils. However, Reader, tempt me not with Gold, except thou be in earnest. It dazzleth the eyes of the Wise, and therefore no marvel it blind those of a Fool.

The third Objection against me is, that some affirm I am a bad Poet. But I answer, that nothing can
more

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more offend a Poet and a Fidler, then telling them they want skill: if in effect they be unskilful, as I am; And therefore no marvel if I reply in a fury that it is most true that I am a bad Poet, and yet they are notorious liars in avering it, because they do so out of malice, not knowing whether they speak true or false. All the World knoweth they never made a greater progress in Poesie then the making of an Ale-house Roundelay, and that a bad one. It were base in me to upbraid them with want of skill in their own professions, in which they brage they have such insight; As to one of them, a Physician, that he took the piss of a Ston'd-horse for that of a Woman with Child: To another, a Mineralist, who laid a wager of ten Palters, a piece of Brimstone was a piece of Silver: To a third, a Palmester, to whom, when a Boy in Girles apparel was brought in to him to have his hand viewed, superciliously pronounced, the Girle would have three Husbands, bring forth nine Children, and die of the tenth. It were most base in me to tell them they are fit for nothing, except some will take them on to be Tasters of Drink: Neither are they fit for that but in the Morning, for in the Afternoon many times they are in the Category of Plants, that is without sense and reason, having the use of no soul but the Vegetative, I could instance other things of that nature, But I forbear, lest the persons be discovered.

Secondly, to be a bad Poet may well be a shame, it is no sin; Neither is it a shame for me in this first essay, withall my intention is to make men laugh,

and

To the Reader

and not to vex them: But bad Lines many times causeth more mirth then good ones. Where one laughs at the Poems of Virgil, Homer, Ariosto, Du Bartas, &c, twenty will laugh at those of John Cockburn, or Mr. Zacharie Boyd. What Hypochondriac; would not presently be cured at the reading of those Lines;

There was a Man called Job
Dwelt in the land of Uz,
He had a good gift of the Gob,
The same case happen us.

Or of those.

Abfolom hang'd on a Tree,
Crying GODS Mercie:
Then Joab came in, angry was he,
And put a Spear in his Arsic.

Or of those of John Cockburn.

Samuel was sent to France,
To learn to Sing and Dance,
And play upon a Fiddle:
Now he's a Man of great Esteem,
His Mother got him in a Dream,
At Culrofs on a Girdle.

For my part, if I were a great Man, I would
sooner give Gold for such Lines, then Copper for all
the

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the Heroick Oracles, of Seneca's Tragedies.

If any have more to object, let them impart it to me: And if I cannot excuse my self in Reason, I am willing to satisfy the Law, I think it very strange that some Grave and Reverend Men, should so wrong their Conscience to traduce me, since without hurting their Conscience they may speak so much evil of me, and not lie, as I may likewise do of them.

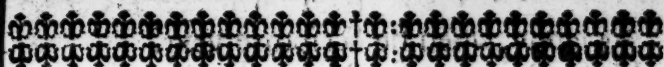
In the end I give the Argument of a Second Part, which will prove as harmless as a Whitred without teeth, except some shall be pleased to call Ears Horns.

One word more, Reader, and I shall trouble thee no further; when thou hast perused my Lines, and found them a cheat, it cannot but vex thee that thou hast bestowed thy Money to no purpose. But I intreat thee to consider that the only remedy is to conceal the cheat, by commending still my Lines to others, that thou may laugh when they shall be cheated as well as thy self: In doing of which thou shalt be a more Christian liar then those who undervalue my Lines, albeit they understand them no more then they do the Prophet Ezechiel, as appears by their Commentaries on that Prophet, ready for the Press, if they were once dead.

Farewell,

SAM. COLVIL.

WHIGGS



W H I G G S

S U P P L I C A T I O N,

A

M O C K - P O E M

71 P A R T I.

A R G U M E N T.

ASTER invoking of the Muse,
As many learned Poets use:
Next is described the time of year
When Whiggs in Armor did appear,
The Good-man's Person, and his Weed,
His Armour, Lady, Squire, and Steed,
Dog, and Pigeon, and his mind
All Allegories, where ye find
Clothed with many a senseless word,
Mysterious things, not with a turd:
As said one in a reverend Coat,
Or else he understood them not.

As lately, when he Scripture-text,
 He forc'd was to say off his Text :
 And then ye have a Supplication
 Greatly misconstrued of the Nation.
 At first they dispute how to mend it ;
 And then advise by whom to send it :
 Where *Knight* and *Squire* each other thump,
 As did *De Ruyter* and *Van Trump*.

Who ever thou art, Muse, who dost make
 By force of Brandy, Ale, and Sack ,
 Some who both words and matter want,
 Admired of the ignorant :
 In whom sagacious notes snuff ;
 Nought worth but Plagiary stuff,
 By which they purchase praise and money ,
 When Bees have toil'd, Drons eat the Honey.
 Inspire me with Poetick furie,
 That I may likewise favour *Currie* :
 With all men to augment my Pack,
 By making Lines not worth a Plack:
 Some of eight Syllabs , some of ten,
 Some borrowed from other men:
 As *Cleveland* , *Don* , or *Tass* Divine,
 Some ill translated from *Marine* ;
 Some *Oedipus* cannot unridle ,
 Some sounding like a blind mans Fiddle ,
 Observing neither tune nor time,
 Some nonsense to make up the Rime.
 Though I speak true , or false , no matter,
 If I traduce, some others flatter.

o sundry men were us'd of late,
 As they were on or off the State.
 Grant that I may curb all Backbiters,
 Of Surplice. High-sleev'd Gowns, and Miters,
 And Church-governing Paradoxes,
 Of *Calvins* followers, and *Rnokes*.
 In mystick allegorick tone,
 Scarce understood by any one.
 Grant me to scold, revile and prat,
 Shame fall me, if my self knows what:
 When Rhime bursts out from breast inrag'd;
 Like turds from puddings overcharg'd;
 Some galling, other some to laughter,
 Moving like Parrat when it's taught her.
 Hoping my prayer thou wilt hear,
 O Mule! have at the time of year;
 When Whiggs from lurking-holes did sally,
 And in the open fields did rally.

It was about the time when Oysters
 Abound so with venercous moystures.
 That they are used Even and Morn
 By those that do their Neighbour horn;
 Which doth their prices so inhance
 At *Englands* Court, and that of *France*,
 That Oyster-Wives have money ready
 To make their Daughter sometime Lady:
 As doth appear by one of late
 Whose Son-in-Law bore sway in State.
 When snow makes dikes and mountians white,
 When folks by Physick seldom shite,

Except

Except there be some Pocky reason ;
 When Mutton weareth out of season,
 In stead of which , at every meal,
 When men eat roasted Hens and Veal.
 And those at *Forth* eat *Garvie* Fishes.
 Then fittest to be serv'd in dishes ;
 Which to the pallat pleasing proves ,
 Like *Adriaticq*; Gulph Anchoves.
 When that the Blak bird hoarsly whistles ,
 When Trouts and *Abercorn* Mulsles
 Are stark nought ; when that the Swallow
 Lyes sleeping in her own tallow ,
 Within some sub-terranean hole ;
 When under the *Antarctiq*; Pole
 There is no night , under our other ,
 A man cannot discern his Brother ,
 It is so dark ; when Summers heats
 Scroatcheth the *Magellaniq*; straits ,
 And burneth up the Corn and Hay
 About the *Caput bonæ Spei*:
 If that be tedious to remember ,
 It was in *Januar*, or *December*,
 When I did see the out-law Whiggs
 Ly scattered up and down the Riggs :
 Some had Hoggers, some Straw Boots ,
 Some uncovered Legs and Coots ;
 Some had Halbards, some had Durks ,
 Some had crooked Swords like *Turks* :
 Some had Stings , some had Flails
 Knit with Eel and Oxen tails:
 Some had Spears, some had Pikes,

Some

(5)
Some had Spades which delved Dikes,
Some had Guns with rousty Ratches,
Some had fiery Peats for Matches.
Some had Bows, but wanted Arrows,
Some had Pistols without marrows;
Some had the Coulter of a Plough:
Some Syths had, Men and horse to hough:
And some with a *Lochaber* Ax,
Resolv'd to give *Dalzell* his paiks.
Some had Cross-Bows, some were Slingers,
Some had only Knives and Whingers.
But most of all, believe who lists,
Had nought to fight with, but their Fists:
They had no Collours to display,
They wanted Order and Array:
Their Officers and Motion-teachers
Were very few, beside their Preachers:
Without Horse, or Artillery-pieces,
They thought to imitate the *Swises*;
When from *Navar* they sallied out,
Tremovile and brave *Trivulce* to rout.
For Martial Musick, every day
They used oft to sing and pray;
Which hearts them more when danger comes,
Then others Trumpets and their Drums.
With such provision as they had,
They were so stout, or else so mad,
As to petition once again,
And if the issue proved vain,
They were resolv'd with one accord
To fight the Battles of the Lord.

Upon

Upon their head march'd the *Good-man*,
 Like *Scanderbeg*, or *Tamerlane*.
 Dame Nature strain'd her outmost care,
 To mould him for a man of War:
 A terrible and a dreadfull foe,
 As doth appear from top to toe.
 The shape and fashion of his head,
 Was like a Con, or Pyramid:
 Or for to speak in terms more gross,
 It was just like a Suggar Loaf:
 Or like the head of *Kob* the Cripple,
 Or like the spear of *Magdalen* Steeple:
 Or like the bottom of a Tap,
 Or like a furr'd *Muscovia* Cap.
 They who the South-east Countries haunts,
 Affirm such heads have Turkish Saints:
 Which as some learned Writers notes,
 Are here with us call'd Idiots.
 Because long hair the wit doth dull,
 Nought was between Heaven and his Skull:
 His Ears was long, and stood upright,
 Which did so well become the Knight:
 That at some distance he seem'd horn'd,
 His one eye was with pearl adorn'd;
 His other eye lookt so a squint,
 That it was hard to ward his dint:
 From thence down to his mouth arose
 A mountain rather then a nose;
 Upon which Savage beasts did feed,
 As Worms, and Selkhorns, which with speed
 Would eat it up, but he begins

In time to pick them out with Pins.
 His lips were thick , his mouth was wide,
 His teeth each other did bestride :
 His tongue was big, though well he meant,
 He was not very eloquent.
 His beard was long, and red , and thin,
 Making a Ball green on his Chin:
 As trees do sometime in a Wood,
 Where Horse and Oxen gather food:
 His Arms were stiff like Barrow-trams ,
 His Hands were hued like reisted Hams:
 At Finger-ends he never fails
 To have the King of *Babel's* Nails ,
 Which sooner then a Knife , by half ,
 Will cut the throat of Sheep or Calf.
 When he , not loving to be idle ,
 Turns Cook to any Peny-Bridle.
 They scrap up Works about his Leagure ,
 A great deal stronger , and far bigger
 Then those made by *Don Pedro Saa* ,
 When *Spinola* besiedg'd *Breda*.
 He had a Lump upon his Back,
 Which some took for a Pedlers Pack:
 But other some did it suppose
 A Bagg which kept his Meal for Brose.
 But neither conjecture was good,
 It was a lump of Flesh and Blood.
 His womb stood out an eln before,
 As far behind his Bumm , and more:
 When overcharg'd , it made a sound,
 Which did like Earthquake shake the ground.

With which , as Sentic , when he sleeps,
 His Cloaths from Mice and Rats he keeps;
 Which to his Pockets swarm like Bees ,
 Finding the smell of Bread and Cheese ,
 Which several times the fainting Knight
 Doth take for Cordials in the night.
 But when the Beasts do hear the Thunder,
 They'r so amaz'd with fear and wonder,
 That to the Gate go Mice and Rats,
 As fast , as if pursu'd by Cats.
 Was never man in those Dominions,
 About whose Legs were more opinions.
 First, there are many who avow
 They are like an inverted V.
 And other some do stiffly jangle,
 That they and Thighs make a Quadrangle ,
 Some think , that Thighs joyning, they gap
 In Circular , or Oval shape:
 And other some are , who avouch
 Them Semi-circles in a touch.
 And other some , there are who tells,
 They'r Semi-circles paralels.
 But those who on them better looked,
 Say one was straight, the other crooked:
 Not as in touching they did make,
 That famous Angle of Contract.
 Which *Euclid's* demonstration shows,
 If in their Juncture ye put straws.
 The truth is , they in every thing ,
 Resemble do a Bow and String ;
 The one straight to the other bending ,

Is like a Chord an Arch subtending:
 In which Schem, if ye draw some Lines,
 Ye may have Secants, Tangents, Sines,
 Which Ale-pot measuring much enables,
 By help of Logarithmiq; Tables;
 Which questions soonest do decide,
 For by Subtraction they Divide,
 And Multiplieth by Addition,
 As now doth *Popish* superstition,
 Which Multiplieth every day,
 Having some added to its way.
 Their entry to that Church is fine,
 They Re-baptize them all with Wine,
 Which their Apostles think far better
 To wash away mens sins, then water.
 Now all's describ'd to feet and toes,
 Which I could not see for his shooes:
 Some say, his toes, who saw his feet,
 Resembled an Alphabet,
 Greek, Syriack, or Arabick,
 Or Breviations Stenographick;
 Which they do counterfeit like Apes,
 With great variety of shapes.

You may believe it as your Creed:
 Such was his Armour and his weed,
 He wore a pair of Pullion Breeches,
 Yellow Doublet with blew Steeches,
 long black Cassock over his Ars,
 As he had been the fool of *Mars*:
 He had on each Leg a Gramasse,

A Top of Lint for his Panash ;
 Which bravely flourish'd in his Crest,
 A folded Cloak for Back and Breast.
 A Glove of Plate , which once was worn
 By Black *Dowglas* at *Bannockburn*.
 For Head-piece, a Cowl lin'd with Iron,
 Which did his Temples so environ,
 That it would coast a world of pains
 For any to beat out his Brains.
 A Blunderbush hang'd at his back,
 Of terrible report and crack ;
 As have a lower Tire of Guns ,
 Shot from a Ship of many Tuns.
 A Horse he never doth bestride,
 Without a Pistol at each side:
 And without other two before,
 One at either Saddle Tore.
 But now when he hath much ado ,
 He hath one in each Pocket too.
 A Sword which woundeth deep and wide ,
 A Target of a seven fold Hide:
 A very strange enchanted Lance,
 Whose touch makes men from Saddle dance
 As sometimes of old did another,
 Belonging to *Angeliques* Brother,
 And after to the *English Duke* ,
 As mentions *Ariosto's Book*.
 And thus with more Arms he doth ride,
 Then other twenty had beside.
 Whether he gain the day , or time,
 He never misseth to kill nine:

As doth appear to all who reckons,
 Justly the number of his Weapons.
 Among ten thousand, all alone,
 With every Weapon he kills one.
 Some say, he used to take lives
 With Whingers, and *Kilmarnock* Knives:
 But he thinks that belongs to Bouchers,
 And others, like *Damata's* Coutchers.
 For when with any he doth swagger,
 He seldome useth Knife, or Dagger:
 Except they come in wrestling terms,
 Permitted by the Law of Arms.
 The Laws of Knighthood he doth keep,
 Not killing Men like Calves or Sheep.

I ask'd at several who he was,
 Some said he was Sir *Hudibras*,
 Deceived by his bouldky Paunch:
 Some said *Don Quixot de la Maunch*,
 Which was more like then was the other,
 In many things he was his Brother.

First, in his head were many fancies,
 bred by the reading of Romances.
 He thought before the day of Doom
 The Covenanters would burn *Rome*,
 and trample down the Man of sin,
 He thought the work he would begin,
 and to the glory of his Nation,
 accomplish all the *Revelation*.
 That what they please in Popish Schools,

Hammond and *Grotius* were but fools,
 Who say, it is fulfil'd already,
 Must think they prayed to our Lady.
 They aim'd at Reconciliation,
 Between the Pope and every Nation.
 All other things they could pack up,
 If ye take not from them the Cup:
 And they had reason, for in truth,
 Some think they had a burning drouth.

Next, like *Don Quixot*, some suppose,
 He had a Lady *Del to Bose*,
 Who never budged from his side;
 Upon a pair of Sodds astride:
 By whose sole industry and care,
 He manag'd all the holy War.
 We read in greatest Warriours lives,
 They oft were ruled by their Wives.
 The Worlds Conquerour, *Alexander*,
 Obey'd a Lady his Commander,
 And *Anthony* that Drunkard keen
 Was rul'd by his lascivious Queen.
 King *Arthur* for his Wifes sake,
 Winkt at *Lancelot Du Lake*,
 Though to his opprobry and scorn,
 He cherisht one himself to horn.
 They say, that now are many others
 Who in that case are *Arthurs* brothers.
 So the imperious *Roxalan*,
 Made the great Turk *John Thomsons* man,
 Another Warriour, all his life

Was also ruled by his Wife:
 Albeit before their death arose
 Some strife between them for her Pose.

Thirdly, like *Quixot*, he a Squire,
 Had *Zancho* call'd to whet his ire,
 When in a fury he did wrestle
 With Giant, or *Enchanted Castle*.
 Or like *Don Quixot* with Wind-Mills,
 Or with *Dalzel* at *Pentland Hills*.
 Or when, like *Perseus*, he was ready
 To fight a Monster for a Lady:
 Being victorious in the strife,
 He still refus'd the Nymph to wife;
 And that with such a modest grace
 As *Fames Knight* did the Heir of *Thrace*:
 To which Squire, the bounteous Knight
 Promised either *Man*, or *Wight*,
Gernsey, or *Jersey*, or some Isle,
 With a Lord Governours Style.
 When he should beat his foes asunder,
 And bring the Whore of *Babel* under.

Lastly, on *Quixot's Rozinant*
 He rode, who took the Covenant.
 As many think, none of the Nation
 Could make him take the Declaration.
 Some endeavour'd to have the Horse
 Proclaimed Rebel from the Cross,
 Which though they did with open throats,
 The Horse eats still his Hay and Oats:

Not

Not dreaming that in any thing
 He Country did offend, or King,
 The wisest Lawyers of the Nation;
 Advis'd him to make Appellation;
 Because it was against all reason
 To condemn a Beast for treason;
 Which reason, at a tippling Can,
 Had sav'd his Master the Good-man :
 If after his rebellious Journey,
 He had met with a King's Attorney,
 Who could by Law and Reason show,
 He greater beast was of the two.
 Or with another, who for riches
 Stood for incestuous Whoors and Witches:
 Or any other, whom ye list
 So they did well anoint his Fift.

Beside his Horse, he had a Dog,
 So us'd to traverse Hill and Bog,
 That he became of scent so cliver,
 As to miss neither Hare nor Pliver.
 He turns himself in Horse or Hog,
 As *Monsieur* did *Agrippa's* Dog;
 To find by his sagacious nose,
 The counterploting of his foes,
 He treads the Back-scent, brings a Glove,
 And carries letters to his Love:
 He is a fierce Dog, yet most civil,
 Kills Fish, whose Livers frights the devil.
 He barks at *Anabaptist*, *Quaker*,
Papist, and *Declaration-taker*:

But he will gently fawn, and stand
To lick a *Covenanters* hand.

Beside his Dog, he hath a Pigeon,
Most do not know of what Religion:
She was the same, as many fear,
Which once eat Pease in *Mahomet's* ear;
Which, when she did, the Carl did boast,
That he spoke with the Holy Ghost.
His Epilepsie for to recover,
If once imploy'd, she doth not hover;
But will make the whole Worlds tour,
And come again within an hour:
Sometimes she his Orders carries
To the *Azores*, and *Canaries*:
As Quarter-Mistriss, to ordain,
In which the first Meridian
Should lodged be, for Calculation
Of Longitudes in Navigation.
Sometimes he sends her an Embassage
Out through the North-East *Indian* passage.
To tell the great *Tartarian* Chaim,
A piece of a *West-Phalia* Hamm
Is better meat, when hunger nips,
Then collops off live-Horses Hips:
That we who here drink Sack and Brandy,
Vell tempered with Suggar Candy.
A great deal better then he fares,
VWho drinks Horse Blood, or Milk of Marcs.
Sometime to *Peru*, and to *Chilly*
She goes, to tell our Prophet Lilly

Foreseeth neither good nor evil,
 Abandon'd by his *Artiq;* Devil:
 VVhom the late great Frost did compel
 To run and warm himself in Hell.
 That she might bring from thence a Spirit
 Of greater foresight, and of merit,
 For to assist the great Diviner
 The better for to win his Dinner.
 Sometime to *Turk* she goes, and *Sophy*,
 To tell their water and their Cophy,
 And their severe slighting of Wine,
 Makes them so with the Collick pine;
 Which torment is with them so rite,
 It cost *Mahomet* the great his life;
 For when the Collick he did take,
 And did refuse a Cup of Sack,
 He worried on a windy Bubble,
 And fred the World of meikle trouble.
 If they'l drink Wine, they need not fear
 Their Prophet, for his thousand year
 Are now expired, all in vain
 They expect his return again

Thus of his Person, Armour, Weed,
 His Lady, Squire, and of his Steed,
 Dog, and Pigion; for his mind,
 He leaves all mortals far behind.
 All things created he doth know,
 In Heav'n above, and Earth below:
 He solves the Questions every one
 That *Sheba's* Queen ask'd *Solomon*:

Or any other knotty doubt,
 That can occur the world throughout.
 Neither doth he prat and bable,
 Like *Pliny* Painting out a Fable.
 At first, he makes a clear Narration,
 And then backs all by Demonstration.
 He knows whether the great *Magull*
 Doth drink out of his Fathers Skull,
 Or if he make a Chamber pot
 Of that of King of *Calcecut*.
 If it be prov'd by any man
 That he is come of *Tamerlan*;
 Or if he keep Tobacco cut
 In *Tortois* Shell, or *Coco* Nut.
 If the Balm and Franckincense-keepers,
 By ratling, drive away the Vipers,
 Which with such ardour haunts those Trees,
 As with us Garden-Flowres do Bees,
 Or if they do those Serpents chook,
 As Easterlings their Bees do smoak :
 Which made two great wits, as men think,
 Spend too much Paper, Pen, and Ink,
 If *Ichneumon* and *Crocodile*
 Do fight in *Niger*, as in *Nile*;
 Or if we ought to believe them,
 Who say, *Melchisedec* was not *Sem*;
 Which raised once a Fifty strife
 Between a Preacher and his Wife,
 If any man yet ever born
 Did see Phenix or Unicorn ?
 If there be a Philosopher Stone ?

If Men who have not Leg but one,
 With broad Soles, which by *Toures*
 Defends their heads from Sun & Showres?
 If the Emperour *Prestor John*
 Be the Off-spring of *Solomon*?
 If those who lately conquer'd *China*,
 Be the Brothers-Sons of *Diana*?
 Who to those North-East parts were turned
 When *Assur's* King *Samaria* burned.
 If *Romes* Founders *Wolfs* did suck?
 If *Job* in *Edom* was a Duke?
 If Captain *Hynd* was a good fellow?
 If *Wallace* Beard was black or yellow?
 Which raised once a great discord
 Between a Western Laird and Lord.
 If roasted Eggs be best, or sodden?
 If *James* the Fourth was kill'd at *Floden*?
 Which made two School men borrow swords
 That they might fight after big words.
 If Sword, or Surfeit moe men kill?
 Who had the better at *Edge-hill*?
 Which made two Ladies other jeer.
 A Round-head and a Cavaleer:
 Both harped so on the seen ruffle,
 That it turned to a scratch-eye scuffle:
 At last both conclide to agree,
 Both of them vowing secrecie.
 Where meets the Brethren of *Cross Resie*?
 What sums the *Spaniard* in *Potosie*
 Gains yearly by their Silver-Mines:
 Since thirty eight who wins or times?

He knows the price of Jewels and Rings,
 And hidden causes of sundry things,
 As of the Compass variation,
 Of Nile and Nigers inundation.
 Why Ireland wanteth Toad and Snake ?
 Why some Men white, & some Moors black ?
 Why *Regulus* eye makes men leave breath ?
 Why spiders bite, them dance to death ?
 Why men *Tarantula* do not fear ?
 But at some seasons of the year.
 Why devils musick do not please ?
 What sort of thing is *Ambergrease* ?
 If Iron *Magnes*, or it Iron
 Attract ? If Sea or Land inviron
 That frozen great Magnetick Rock,
 Under the Pole; where what a Cloak.
 There cannot be made any trial,
 The one year's half, by *Phæbus* Dial ?
 By the Seas motion he doth find,
 A North-East passage to the *Inde* :
 Another he finds by the North-west,
 Where *Davies* freezed to his rest :
 When Icy Mountains did occur,
 And stopt his course to *Mar del Zurr* :
 But he hath found a brave device,
 That he may free those Seas from Ice;
 He empties all the water, syne
 He fills the place with Brandy-wine,
 Which hardly will congeal with Frost,
 If Whales turn drunk, and Fishing lost,
 Yet lole we not by that device,

For

For *Whale Oyl* we get *Indian* spice.
 All other ways are but a cheat,
 To fetch some Money from the State.
 It's wonder they have sharkt so much,
 Both from the *English* and the *Dutch*.

He prov'd, on perill of his Soul,
Presbyterian-rule by *Paul*,
 He thought, none but a foolish man
 Made *Antichrist* the son of *Dan*,
 He thought by the Apostles meaning,
 Voice Negative, and sole ordaining,
 Was the very mystery
 Of *Antichrist's* iniquity,
 Which near his own time did begin
 To usher in the Man of Sin.
 He thought, if Bishops had not been,
 A Pope of *Rome* had ne're been seen.
 But now he thinketh Church Government
 A thing of small, or no concernment:
 As ready as any ever born
 For Bishops, if he had not sworn.
 If *Dutch* and *English* truth report,
 He knows about th' *Ambayna* Fort,
 If those two *Indian* Ships were sunk,
 And burnt by *Dutch*, when they were drunk.
 Who first began the War in *Guinie*,
 Where *Holms* and *Ruyter* play'd at *Pinie*.
 If groundless jealousies and fears
 Yoaks *Dutch* and *English* by the ears:
 Or if it be the *Indian* Trade

That

That doth produce effects so sad.
 He'll tell in *Indian* Pedlers faces,
 We dearly buy their Cloves and Maces.
 The War draws blood and money forth;
 More then the *Indian* Trade is worth,
 He thinks the War fomented be
 By *Romish* craft and policie,
 Which rents the *Dutch* and us asunder,
 To bring reform'd Religion under.
 When both are broken, and brought low,
 Like Pitchers by a mutual blow,
 Then they'll force up the Pope again,
 And make both serve the King of *Spain* :
 Who in the Jesuits fantasie
 The worlds Temporal Lord will be,
 And meagre those who countermine them,
 The Pope and he will rule between them:
 The world in two Monarchies,
 He with his Sword, he with his Keyes.
 If *Dutch* and *English* Popish were,
 They would be Popish every where:
 So Conclave Fathers do conclude,
 But such deceits do oft delude.

He finds by perfect Demonstrations
 The roots of all compos'd Equations.
 He finds new ways to poyson Cats,
 Of Mudd he Serpents makes, and Rats.
 He finds the Longitude of Places,
 Makes Bag-pipes with Concoring Bases.
 He finds two means proportionals,

Which

Which great wits sometime inthrals.
 In Virtuofies Conventicles,
 Excentricks, Orbs, and Epycles
 He finds to be fantaſtick fictions,
 Forg'd to palliat contradictions;
 Wherewith the late Star-gazers notions
 Have involv'd the Planets motions
 To determine he dare venture,
 The Sun to be the World's Center,
 To hold the Candle in the middle
 Infix'd, while to *Pythagora's* Fiddle
 Still Firmament, with twilking eyes,
 The Earth and Planets dancing ſees,
 He Squares, Circles, Doubles, Cubes,
 Makes moſt admirable Tubes;
 If he at *Dover* through them glance,
 He ſees what hours it is in *France*;
 As he hath prov'd by frequent trial,
 On Steeple, Clock, and Sunny Dial:
 He reads with them another while
 Letters, diſtant twenty Mile;
Dutch, or *Scots*, I know not whether,
 The one is as like as the other.

If he once level at the Moon,
 Either at Midnight or at Noon,
 He diſcovers Rivers, Hills,
 Steeples, Caſtles, and Wind-mills,
 Villages, and Fenced Towns,
 With Fouſſies, Bulwarks, and great Guns,
 Cavaleers on Horſe-back prancing,
 Maids about a *May-pole* dancing;

Men in Taverns Wine carousing,
 Beggars by the Hie-way Lowling,
 Sojors forging Ale-house brawlings,
 To be let go without their Lawings,
 Sturrs in streets by Grooms and Pages,
 Mountebanks playing on Stages,
 Wild Boars strouting out their Bristles,
 Black Birds striving who best whistles,
 Throats of Larks Trumpeting day,
 Falcons beating down their prey,
 Hare and Deer crossing Bogs,
 Followed at the heels by Dogs,
 Asses braying, Lyons roaring,
 Owles screeching, Eagles soaring,
 Foxes roused from their den,
 Monkeys imitating Men.
 Gardens planting, Houses bigging,
 States and Princes Fleets out-rigging ;
 Antick fashions of Apparels,
 States and Princes pitching quarrels :
 Wars, Rebels, Horse Races
 Proclaim'd at several Mercat-places.
 Capers bringing in their Prizes,
 Commons cursing new Excizes.
 Young Wives old Husbands horning,
 Judges drunk every morning ;
 Augmenting Law-suits, and divisions,
 By *Spanish* and by *Frenoh* decisions ;
 Courtiers their aims missing,
 Chaaplains Widow-Lady's kissing,
 Men to sell their Lands ushing,

To pay th'expences of their Kitching,
 Frequent changes, States invading,
 Pulpits forcing, and perswading;
 Great jarrs for Cloves and Maces,
 For Bishops, Lordships and their Graces:
 Lords in Stews, missing Purfes,
 While Pages make their Ladies Nurfes:
 Preachers contradicting fast
 This year, what they Preach'd the last;
 Making in their Conscience Room
 For a change the year to come;
 Some seeking Bishopricks in vain,
 Wishing Presbytry again;
 Lawyers counfels at such rates,
 That they cost Men their whole Estates:
 What money men puts in their Hands,
 To get half back, they give their Lands:
 Physitians cheating young and old,
 Making both buy death with Gold:
 Not ver'd in *Æsculapius* wayes,
 Indicative and Critick dayes
 They make too late, or else too soon,
 Not knowing the motion of the Moon:
 Factions in Families and Towns,
 Ground manur'd by Country Clowns,
 In Meadows, Corns, Grapes, Apples,
 Outbraving *Lombardie* and *Naples*;
 Priests diseased of the Riples,
 Hirpling through the Streets like Criples,
 Physitians spoiled with the Pox,
 Hiding their Noses with their Cloaks,

Courtiers covering cankered Faisters
 With curled Periwiggs and Plaisters,
 With Wax Noses, Golden Lips,
 With Paisboord mending Legs and Hips,
 Using all the Art they can,
 That they may seem a pretty man,
 And free of blemish, like a Priest
 With *Urim Thummim* on his breast :
 Ladies speaking ranting Words,
 Attir'd like men with Vests and Swords,
 With Periwiggs and long Locks,
 Some tax'd for dancing in their Smoks :
 Making frivolous excuses,
 Men pretending to the Muses ;
 Some selling Drink, some selling Draff,
 Some Buffons turn'd, to make men laugh ;
 Some Publicans, some busie medlers,
 Some turn'd Horse-Coopers, some Pedlers ;
 Some challenged for dreadful things,
 As stealing Silver Spoons, and rings ;
 Having us'd many whiles before,
 That they might put them to the door.
 Sundry Phylosophick Asses
 By dictating, Teaching Classes,
 Not taking an account again,
 Making Boys spend their time in vain.
 Some dissipating little Mugs
 Containing universal Drugs ;
 Physitians crying out amain,
 Where they cure one, they poison ten.
 Some getting Oyster-Boats to dredg,

Some

Some making Satyrs for to Beg,
 Being reduced to those wants,
 By several avaricious Saints,
 Who proved on them Drinking, Whooring
 By slandering, forging, and perjuring:
 At last, for all their fair pretention,
 Their quarrel prov'd to be a Pention,
 Which having got, then for refuge,
 They bribe, or cheat a silly Judge,
 By purloyning, and forbearing,
 To stop the cause from further hearing.
 There was no remedy for the evil,
 All went head-long to the Devil:
 That Fathers saying is most true,
 Penitent Clerks are very few:
 Ere any shame shall them betide,
 They'l one sin with another hide.

His Tube in higher Planets Heaven,
 Discovers many more then seven.
Jove hath his guard with thunder thumps,
 To beat down Covenants and Rumps:
 And *Saturn* hath his Pages too,
 When he meets *Jove*, there is adoo.
 Its good to some, and bad to other,
 Its never good to all together:
 For some go up, and some go down,
 Some gets, and some will lose a Crown.
 They say, such things will now appear,
 In less then three and thirty Year.
 Great change of Government will bee,

As all affirm beyond the Sea :
 But all their practises, and wiles
 At this bout, will not reach our Iles.
 All is confined to the main,
 And then it will about again.
 We need not break our hearts for sorrow,
 What's ours to day, is theirs to morrow.
 He sees *Mars* sending Grooms in ire
 To set the World below on fire;
 Raising such fury in mens Breasts,
 That Generals are made of Priests,
 Which them becomes, as all avow,
 As well as Saddle doth a Sow.
 He sees those Grooms, who Sun attends,
 Blowing on their brunt finger ends :
 Among whom *Mercury* doth stand,
 Serving the Sun with Capp in hand.
 He hath no dwelling of his own,
 But is Domestick of the Sun.
Phæbus and he hath great compassion
 On Arts now wearing out of fashion :
 Yet some will flourish, they foresaw
 Romances, and the Cannon Law.
 He sees, with *Venus* Pages are,
 Who Pimps were to the God of War :
 VVhen jealous *Vulcan*, sick of love,
 VVould needs himself a Cucold prove,
 Like several great ones here below,
 Though some conceal what they do know.

His Tube once levelled at the Sky,
 Sundry

Sundry, yet hid lights doth espy ;
 Some lesser ones, and some more gross,
 Between the Boars and Southern Cross ;
 Some on *Pegasus* his Hoove,
 And some upon his Masters Love,
 And some upon her Mothers Chair,
 And some on *Berenices* Hair ;
 And some upon the *Serpents* Sting,
 And some upon the *Eagles* Wing ;
 And some upon the *Rams* Horn,
 Some on the Beard of *Capricorn*,
 And some he sees upon the Bull,
 And some upon *Orion's* Skull,
 And some on *Nessus* mortal foe,
 And some on *Cancer's* meikle toe :
 Some on the Sails of *Argo* Ship,
 And some on *Antinous* Hip ;
 And some he sees upon the *Twins*,
 And some upon the *Fishes* Fins ;
 And some he sees on *Libra's* Scale,
 And some upon the *Dragon's* Tail ;
 Which little Bear and Pole entangles,
 And some he sees on the *Triangles* :
 Some on the Harp, some on the Swan,
 Some on the Crown, some on the Cran,
 Some on the Whale, some on the Trout,
 And some upon the great Dogs Snout,
 And some upon the *Virgins* Knees,
 On *Crinita*, between her Thighs,
 Which makes her blush, and turn her look
 North-East, upon *Boote's* Dock :

Which

Which the base Clown regardeth not ,
 But spurns her backward with his Foot ,
 And almost lames her on the Knee ,
 Which barbarous-incivilitie
 Is evident to any man,
 By the Glob of *Vatican*.

And finally , that tract of Light
 Which we see in a Frosty Night,
 And caused Philosophick jars ,
 He finds to be the light of Stars ;
 Which just so shining , he doth mark ,
 As Haddocks Heads do in the dark.

Solve several Questions he can ,
 Scarce solvable by any man :
 If number of Stars be odd or even :
 What's beyond the outmost Heaven.
 If substance of the Heav'ns be mix'd
 If Stars do move , in Orbs infix'd :
 Or , if they move , as others clatter ,
 As Fowl in Air , or Fish in Water.
 Since *Jewish* Sabbath is begun ,
 And ends with setting of the Sun.
 How that Sabbath observ'd can be
 Beyond the sixty eight degree
 Of Latitude : since *Antipods*
 In Sun shining , have such odds.
 How both Sabbaths observation
 Jumps with the Sabbath of Creation :
 The one and other Question

Sorely

Sorely puzzled *Solomon*,
 In that great Dispute, that between
 Was him and that *Arabian Queen*;
 Or *Æthiopian*, as some other,
 Who make her *Prester John's Mother*.

Against the late Star-gazers Schism,
 And *Argolus* Paralogism;
 He finds Comets are plac'd no where
 But in some Region of the Air.
 He finds with admirable speed
 Their Parallax by a Threed:
 He finds their eyes perceive not well,
 Or else Dioptriques make them reel,
 And that their Brain's not worth a Turd,
 Who calls them *Via Lactea's* Curd;
 The same he thinks of many others,
 Who say, they are new Stars half Brothers:
 Of which last, it he espy one,
 He bids let Gods secrets alone.

He finds both Comets and Eclipses,
 But pretty Fortune telling Gipsies:
 The like uncertainty he sees
 In change of Excentricities.
 But he foresees with Prophets Unction
 The Effects of a great Conjunction;
 Before the Age begin again,
Spain shal have *France*, or *France* have *Spain*;
 The Monarchy shall spread no further,
 If *Dutch* and *English* hold together.

And

And though they do great tribulation,
 follows a *Gothish* inundation,
 spreading from *Pomer* into *Schuse*,
 in defence of the *Flower de Luce*:
 Their Mutiny for want of Pay
 Proves to the *French* a dismal day.
 Then *English* shall say, God be thanked,
 The *French* are like Fleas in a Blanket,
 They soon skip out, as they did in,
 Their Conquest ends ere it begin.
 They marr all by unstable carriage,
 As in their old *Italian* Voyage;
 When quite forefaken of their helps,
 They first brought Shankers ov'r the Alps.

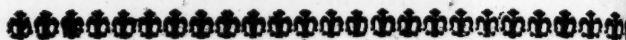
He doth foresee another wonder,
 Nations in place, and hearts asunder,
 Shall straitly be conjoyn'd in one,
 Against the Whore of *Babylon*.
 And though those Nations be but poor,
 Rich Kings who fornicat the VVhoor,
 Shall melt before them, as the Snow,
 VVhen Rain and South-wind makes a Thaw.
 VVhat men they are, he will not clatter,
 Lest some thinks he intends to flatter.
 Then all shall be serene and clear,
 And Saints shall Reign a thousand yeat,
 If not, let it not be forgotten,
 To hang him when he's dead and rotten.

All doubt much of the *Jews* Conversion,
 The

The manner of the Worlds Everſion.
 If Fire ſhall burn the heav'ns to Embers,
 If ſeparat Souls their Friends remembers :
 If thoſe new reaſon do make goods
 The Circulation of the Blood :
 If Webbs of Cloth be made of Stones,
 If Pox can be chaſ'd from the Bones;
 If Minerals nourish as Grain ,
 If Ratts once dead can live again :
 And of ſuch like Reſurrections,
 If by Attractions , and Ejections ,
 Men may lend , or borrow blood ;
 If univerſal Druggs be good ;
 If Satyr-makers ever thrive ,
 If any thing which they contrive ;
 If there be ſuch of any Nation.
 Who are not driven to deſperation ,
 Giving to all , who them defends ,
 Still ſtand on the finger-ends.
 Though never wiſer man was born ,
 He knows not how to dine the morn :
 No more then he ſees when ſhall come
 The moment of the day of Doom.
 The Whiggs him circled in a Ring,
 And he ſtood like a Nine-pin King ;
 After a Pauſe and a Cough ,
 And ſundry clawings of his Hough :
 Upon his Tiptoes he aroſe ,
 And with his Fingers wip'd his Noſe ,
 And cleanſ'd his Fingers on his Breeches ,
 Delivering thoſe following ſpeeches :

Hear

Hear , O ye remnant of *Isra'l* ,
 Who have not bow'd your knees to *Baal* ,
 Or which ye undergo the Cross ;
 The Gold refined from the Dross ;
 The winnow'd Corn purg'd from the Chaff ,
 The spirit of Malt drawn from the Draff ;
 Who to the good Cause are no shame ,
 The Covenanters , Cruds and Cream ;
 We are one a *Pater Noster* utter ,
 Some will turn Cheese , and others Butter ,
 And each will feed his hungry Brother ,
 We shall chance to eat each other .
 Ye who still pray for these who wrong you ,
 God grant there be no Rogues among you ,
 As Arch as any of the Nation :
 I have caus'd Pen a Supplication ,
 Which must be sent unto the King ,
 From whom some must an answer bring :
 He read it out , that ye may mend it ,
 And then advise by whom to send it .
 Then answered the whole Croud ,
 Bidding him read it out aloud .
 Seeking his Lunets forth , he tarted ,
 At which , they who stood nearest started ;
 Those further off took such Alarms ,
 Some cry'd to Legs , some cry'd to Arms :
 What was the matter , none could think ,
 Till all of them did smell the stink .
 Then having hush'd their shouts and hallows ,
 He did begin to read as follows .



THE SUPPLICATION.

SIR, though there be but few among us,
SVVho bids at every word *God damn us* ;
 Though we come not to martial closes,
Half gelded, and without our Noses :
 As not accustom'd to those tricks,
VVhich hurts mens Noses, and their Pricks
 Although we do not rant and swagger,
 Nor drink in Taverns till we stagger,
 And then engage in drunken quarrels,
VVhere wit goes out by tooming Barrels :
 Where some throw Stoops, and others Glasse
 Some struggle with the serving Lasses ;
 Some throw a Chandler, some a Can,
 Some strive to Cuckold the Good man.
 Some mean their Elbow, some their Head,
 Some cry, alace, their Shoulder-blade ;
 And some with spilled drink are dreeping,
 And some sit on a Privy sleeping :
 Some do not know at whom they'r striking,
 And some are busie Pockets picking :
 Some have their hair with fingers freezed,
 And some cry out, they'r Circumcised.
 Some have their Faces and their Troples
 All scratched with Tobacco Stoples :
 Some coals with naked Swords are hewing,
 And some ly in a Corner spewing ;

And

and other some get bloody Fingers,
 By grasping naked Knives and VVhingers,
 When they the fray intend to redd,
 When it were better they were a-bed :
 And some cry, ye disturb the Laird,
 And some cry, fy bring Bailly Baird ;
 A man who is obliged much
 Unto the VVar against the *Dutch*.
 At that they call the VVench to reckon,
 She comes and counts up three for one,
 But gains not much, though she so trick it,
 Beside her loss of Burges Ticker :
 They tell her, they will money borrow,
 And come and pay their Shot to morrow :
 Their Officers the other day,
 Had dyc'd and drunk, and whoor'd their Pay

Sir, though we do not play such pranks,
 For which we give unto God thanks ;
 Yet we your loyal Subjects are,
 To serve you both in Peace and VVar,
 VVith our Fortunes, and our Lives ;
 But if our Conscience, and our VVives
 By any man be medled with,
 VVe'l both defend with all our pith.
 Sir, our Conscience to compel,
 Is to force our Souls to Hell.
 If we do good, and think it evil,
 In that we more obey the Devil,
 Then doing ill, which we think good,
 If holy VVrit be understood.

Sir

Sir, we have been sore oppressed,
 Our Wives and serving Lasses Cessed,
 Either to give beyond their reach,
 Or else hear some Hirelings Preach :
 Who Preach nought else, but rail and rant
 Against the holy Covenant :
 And yet its known, that the Nation
 Did take it at their instigation ;
 For which, of late, they were so hearty,
 When it was the prevailing party,
 That they urg'd State, as they were wood ;
 To take som's Means, and others blood :
 And others they compell'd to flee,
 And hide themselves beyond the Sea :
 And that, Sir, for no other reason,
But Ante Covenanting Treason.

But now, Sir, when the guise doth turn,
 They preach nothing, but hang, and burn,
 And harry all those of the Nation,
 Who do refuse the Declaration :
 Perswading us with tales and fictions
 To take Oaths which are Contradictions ;
 Having for love of wordly Pelf
 First taken contrair Oaths themself.

At the first, Sir, God be thanked,
 We sold Covering, Sheet, and Blanket,
 And Gowns, and Plaids, and Petticoats,
 Meal and Peale, Barley and Oats,
 Butter and Cheele, and Wool Fleeces,

or Groats and Fourty Penny pieces,
 apens and Hens, and Geese and Piggs,
 oxen and Horse which Till'd our Riggs;
 and which our very hearts pierces,
 after *Zachary Boyd's* Verses,
Nickson's Sermons, *Guthrie's* Libels,
 effie of *Lanerk* and our Bibles,
 and learn'd Religion by tradition,
 Which smell of popish Superstition,
 To pay our Fynes we were so willing,
 Which was for each fault Twenty Shilling,
 Though we aledg'd for our defence,
 was too much by Eighteen Pence.

At last, we had no more to give,
 Neither knew we how to live;
 They felled all our Hens and Cocks,
 and rooted out our Kail Stocks,
 and cast them ov'r the Dikes away,
 and bid us jeering, fast and pray.
 Being incensed with such harms,
 We were necessitate to Arms;
 and through the Country we did come,
 We had far better stay'd at home.
 We did nothing but hunt the Glaiques,
 for after we had got our paiks,
 They took us every one as Prizes,
 and condemn'd us in Assizes,
 To be hang'd up every where,
 and fix'd our Heads up here and there.
 Once dreadful heads, Sir, all did doubt them;
 They

They had so meikle wit about them.
 And we, who leap't those grivous Crosses,
 Did hide our selves in Bogs and Mosses:
 VVhere we fed on sodden Leather,
 Mingled with crops of Heather;
 VVhich, our hunger to assuage,
 VVe thought most savory Pottage;
 For Drink, it was no smal matter,
 If we got clear not muddy VVater;
 In which we heartily do wish,
 There be none who desire to Fish;
 That by the devils instigation,
 Brings on us all this tribulation.
 VVhen in that case we could not stand,
 VVe Sally, Sir, with Sword in hand:
 Let men cry, Rebels, till they grow hoarse,
 VVe're Subjects nev'r a white the worse.
 Though we prefer you not to God,
 VVho do so, Sir, their faith will nod.
 If Government take changing tours,
 They will renounce both you, and yours;
 As doth appear by some of late,
 VVhen that Usurper rul'd the State:
 They strove, Sir, to be sent apace
 To abjure you in the VVorlds face.
 Though some, Sir, of our Duniwessles
 Stood out, like *Eglington* and *Cassils*,
 And others, striving to sit still,
 VVere forc'd to go against their will,
 Yet other some, as all men knows;
 VVho should be sent, were near to blows,

That is, at very boystrous worus,
 Putting their hands upon their Swords,
 To make men think that they were stout,
 When it was known the World throughout,
 To fight your foes, when they were sent,
 They alwayes took the Boog a-scent,
 And running from the fight by stealth,
 Would then sit down and drink your health:
 And since they could not think, like Asses;
 To beat your foes by drinking Glasses;
 It's evident, Sir, as we think,
 They drank your Health for love of Drink.

Yet many, Sir, were disappointed,
 Who so forsook the Lords Anointed;
 They were not all alike regarded,
 Some well, and some were ill rewarded:
 They who play'd best with both the hands
 Rich'd were by their Neighbours Lands.
 Some from their Creditors got refuges
 Some were made Clerks, and others Judges:
 Some swearing their Stocks were spent,
 strove to get down their Annualrent:
 Detaining, Sir, by that extortion,
 The Fatherless and Widows portion,
 Which Usuring Fathers Lent to Lairds,
 Who play'd it all at Dice and Cards:
 Which forc'd some Lasses to miscarriage.
 Because they could not get a Marriage,
 But among those of stricter life,
 The truth tell-colour grew so rife,

D

That

That it marr'd all the Charms and Graces
 Of those who could not paint their Faces.
 But other some got mocks and scorns,
 By giving to their Land-Lords Horns,
 And spewing Claret, mull'd with Eggs,
 Between the Lord Protectors Leggs,
 When they did endeavour to pray
 Before him, on a Fasting-day.
 Some *Whally's* Bible did begarie,
 By letting flee at it Canarie,
 Taking it up, where it lay next,
 That they might read on it the text :
 When *Cromwel* Preach'd with great applause
 The Revelation of his Cause :
 And some of them empawn'd their Cloaks,
 And other some brought home the Pox :
 Giving foul Linnings all the wite,
 Some turn'd your Friends for meer despight,
 Vowing you never to withstand
 Again, without something in hand.
 And some turn'd Ordinance-forsakers,
 Others for grief of heart turn'd Quakers ;
 Some in their Conscience took remorse.
 Crying, I'm damn'd, till they grew hoarse,
 And made the standers by admira
 To see them take the fits of *Spira*.
 To bring those troubled Souls to peace,
 Some reads *Alvares* helps to Grace ;
 Some *Sanctuary of a troubled Soul*,
 Some cited Passages of *Paul* :

Explaining well what he did say ;
 Some reads on *Mr. Andrew Gray* :
 Some told the danger of back-sliding,
 Some the good of Faith abiding ;
 Some reads the Cases of *Richard Binning* ;
 Some *Fergusson* reads of *Kilwinning* :
 And some them pressed very sore
 To hear a little of *Doctor More* :
 But others cry'd, Away, and Tush
 With Vipets in a Balmy Bush ?
 With blind Pilots, guiding Ferries,
 With Toads lurking in Straw-berries.
 His Doctrine of Justification
 Drives all the Court to Desperation.
 Few there are saved, as we guess,
 By their inherent righteousness.
 He hath some good among great evils,
 He tells of Bastard getting Devils :
 Of their Bodies, or Vehicles,
 Their Herauldry and Conventicles.
 't's sport to see his Fancy wander
 In their Male, and Femal Gender,
 He doth so punctually tell
 The whole œconomy of Hell,
 That Some affirm he is *Puck Hary*,
 Some, he hath walked with the Fairy
 Though intellectuals be neat,
 Though he mean well, and is no chear,
 His case is desperate and sad,
 For too much Learning makes him mad,
 We'll read on the *True Converts Mark*,

Or we will read on *Bessie Clark*;
 Or else on *Beakers Heavenly Beam*,
 Or on the *Lady Culrofs Dream*;
 Which sundry drunken Asses flout,
 Not seeing the Jewel within the Clout.
 Like Combs of Coks, who takes no heed
 When they *Gower*, or *Chaucer* read.
 When they had said, and read their fill,
 It did not cure the Patients ill:
 They still cry on, and howl, and mourn,
 Their counsels will not serve the turn.
 No comfort at all find they can,
 Untill a Grave and Reverend Man
 Advise them to resist temptation,
 With Spanish Wine, and Fornication,

Those Rebels also to obey,
 Those Hirelings ceas'd for you to pray;
 Because their Stipends, and their Living
 Were at the foresaid Rebels giving.
 They thought a man a venial sinner
 Who left sworn duty for his dinner:
 Yea some of them were of opinion,
 They might pray for that devils Minion.
 They would not stick for love of Pelf,
 To pray, Sir, for the Devil himself:
 But we, in the Usurpers faces,
 Remembred you in Prayers and Graces;
 And if we had had Guns and Swords,
 Our Actions would have back'd our words.
 Our fault, Sir, was, for which we moan,

We thought to do it all alone.
 Since it was only want of wit,
 Since it was a distraction-fit,
 We pray you, Sir, be no despiser
 Of us, whom God hath made no wiser.

Royal Sir, to those our times
 Apply'd may be a Poets Rhimes,
 Who courfly singeth, that a Wight
 Obeying King, in wrong or right ;
 If that the King to wrack shall go,
 Will in like manner turn his foe,
 But who obey no sinful thing,
 Do still prove constant to their King.
 The Rhime is barbarous and rude,
 But, Sir, the saying's rich and good ;
 In Print yet forth it hath not crept,
 We have it in a Manuscript :
 The Good-man keeps it, as we think,
 Behind a Dish, upon the Bink :
 And yet it's thought by many a man
 Most worthy of the *Vatican*.
 It's worthy, Sir, of your Saint *James*
 That stands upon the River *Thames*.
 Ye'll not find saying such another,
 Put all their Guilded Books together :
 Tho with these two ye joyn in one
 The Bibliothek of *Prestor John*.
 Cause Pages cry it still before ye,
 As *Philip* did *Memento mori*.

Since

Since then we Arm for Conscience sake,
 May't it please you, Sir, some pity take;
 And not by Bishops instigation
 Inforce on us the Declaration,
 Nor make us give, beyond our reach,
 To keep's from hearing Hirelings Preach;
 Who last year Preached Oaths to take,
 And this year Preacheth them to break:
 When they have forced men to take them,
 Then first of all, themselves they break them
 Except God, Sir, their manners mend,
 They'l Oath it to the Worlds end.
 Men either must fore swear themself,
 As oft as they turn Coats for Pelf,
 Or else their Conscience is so scurvie,
 They will turn all things topsie turvie.
 And we will give what we can reach
 To keep's from hearing those men Preach,
 As Achisons, Balbies and Placks,
 Which is enough, Sir, for our packs.
 Likewise, in any other thing
 We will obey you, as our King,
 If ye require it at our hands,
 We'll quite to you both Lives and Lands.
 Nothing to fight can us compell,
 Except to keep our Souls from Hell;
 What ever mischief us befall,
 Or else the Devil take us all.
 Ye need not, Sir, distrust, or fear,
 When Out-Law-Whiggs do Ban, or Swear;
 It doth unto the World appear,

Keeping

Keeping our Oaths hath cost us dear.
 We pray God , that Your Majesty ,
 And then Your Royal Progeny ,
 May peace and truth with us defend ,
 As Kings , unto the Worlds end.
 We with all duty and respect
 Your gracious Answer do expect.

A.



*A Debate between the Knight and Squire, about
the mending of the Petition, and who should
carry it to the King.*

AND thus the Supplication ended,
The Squire cry'd out, it should be
mended :

Being desir'd to tell the cause,
First with all ten his Arse he claws,
And then his Elbow, and his Head;
Winking a while, as he were dead;
And clapping both Hands on his Snout,
At last his Reason tumbled out;
To wit, it did not move to grant
Renewing of the Covenant.

Knight.

At which the Knight gave such a groan,
As would have rent a heart of stone:
And casting both his eyes to Heaven,
He said, not though the Earle of *Levin*
Were on our heads, we durst not do it,
It's base to put the King so to it:
It is a most presumptuous thing,
To cross the Conscience of a King.
Some honest Men did never take it;
Some honest also were who broke it:
But he who breaks't against his light,
Let it be wrong, let it be right;

By

By Prophets and Apostles leave
 We dar aver he is a knave.
 On singulars we will not harp,
 For the apply will be too sharp.
 We put down Bishops, to our cost,
 Yet two or three still rul'd the Rost;
 Some of which play'd such pranks at home,
 As never Pope presum'd at Rome.
 It is the simplest of all tricks
 To suffer fools have Choping Sticks.
 A Sword put in a wood mans hand,
 Bredd meikle trouble to the Land.

Squire.

The Squire reply'd, they'r scarce of news,
 Who tells, their Mother haunted Stews.
 Who on his Brother rubs disgrace,
 He spits upon his Mothers face.
 Each Covenantant is our Brother,
 The Covenant, of all is Mother.
 Their wit is dull, and very gross;
 Who think where Gold is, there's no Dross:
 Where there is Corn, there may be Chaff;
 Where there is Malt, there may be Draff:
 Thistles with Corn grow on the Riggs,
 And Rogues may lurk among the Whiggs.
 And Friars in Lent may be Flesh eaters,
 And Covenanters may be Cheaters,
 And Weeds grow up with fairest Flowres,
 And sighing Sisters may be Whoors.
 As Fruit on Trees grow, so grow Leaves,

Its certain Bishops may be Knaves;
 Its known to all, the Devil may dwell
 In some of fourteen, as of twell.
 To blame a Cause for persons Vices,
 Is one of Satans main devices,
 By which he very oft doth make
 Well-meaning men the Truth forsake.
 But let us first the Question state,
 Before we enter in debate,
 Which of the two should bear the sway,
 The Miters, or the Elders Lay.

KNIGHT.

The Knight did pause a pretty while,
 Then answered with a scornful smile,
 I tell thee, fool, I think Government
 Of Church, a thing of small concernment:
 The truth it's very hard to find,
 It puzzleth the learnedst mind.
 Some do the Presbytry conceive
 New forg'd by *Calvin* at *Geneve*;
 Some say, he puts to execution
Paul the Apostles Institution,
 Which suffered exile and ejection,
 The time of *Pauls* foretold defection.
 Some say, since Bishops did appear,
 Its more then Fifteen hundred year;
 Some say that then they did begin
 The Pope of *Rome* to usher in:
 That *Pauls* iniquities, mystery working,
 Was men, then for precedence forking.

Som

Some Presbyterians do conclude,
 But Bishops say, such thoughts delude:
 Which comes from brains which have a Bee,
 Like *Urquharts Trigonometrie*.
 Some Bishops prove by Scripture-phrases
 As by the word *υποβιβασκει*:
 Now *John* the Angels seven did greet,
 Why *Paul* did *Titus* leave in Crete,
 But other some holdly asserts,
 Who reason so, the Text perverts.
 Some call the Bishops VVeather Cocks,
 Who where their Heads were turn their Docks.
 Still stout for them who gives them most,
 And who will make them rule the Rost.
 Some say, that Bishops have been good,
 And seal'd the Gospel with their blood;
 As ready for the truth at call,
 As any Whigg among us all.
 Perhaps a railing foolish Ranter
 Will tell a Bishop Covenanter
 An honest Clergy-man will be,
 When Cable passeth Needles eye:
 For some of such play'd a pavier,
 Though all the Cable of the Navie
 In one, should pass through Needles-eye,
 Whiggs still would doubt their honesty.
 Some say, a Bishop Covenanter,
 If a penitent repenters,
 Causeth more joy to Sp^rits Divine,
 Than all the other ninety nine.
 Some Father Tales upon King *James*,

To sundry Presbyterian Dames ,
 That he was forc'd of Knaves to make them
 For Devil an honest Man would take them,
 Some say , the King gave never leave
 To make a Bishop of a Knave.
 That those men are evil speakers ,
 Tax'd by *Jude* , spiritual Quakers :
 That none doth hate Nobility ;
 For Quakers blaming Herauldry.
 And some again are , who compares
 Our Bishops unto Baiting Bears ;
 Who , if they be not kept in aw ,
 They will tear all with teeth and paw :
 Yet tractable in every thing ,
 If in their Snout ye put a Ring.
 And many men again there be
 Who say the same of Presbytrie ;
 And some say this , and some say that ,
 And some affirm , they know not what.
 Its grief to see them Scripture vex ,
 And wrest it , like a Nose of Wax ;
 And he who is deceived most
 All Fathers on the Holy Ghost.
 Some quitting Prophets and Apostles ,
 Thinks best to plead the Cause by Postills :
 And some do dispute by Tradition ,
 Some calls that Popish Superstition ;
 And some affirm , that they had rather
 Follow a Counsel , then a Father :
 And some affirm , it buits not whether :
 They are blind Leaders all together.

and since the truth is found by none,
 no more then is that turn Gold Stone,
 is best, *Zancho*, for ought I see,
 to take a Pint, and then agree.
 Let men have Bishops at their ease,
 and hear what Preachers best them please;
 we be freed of Declaration,
 and of that other great vexation
 We mentioned in our Petition,
 We'll alter it on no condition;
 then we will serve the King as much
 against the *Dane*, and *French*, and *Dutch*,
 as any in his three Dominions
 Who hateth us, or our opinions:
 he command us, we will come
 like *Goths*, and scale the Walls of *Rome*,
 and bereave *Babels* Whore of breath,
 Or die the Duke of *Bourbon's* death.

Squire.

The Squire made many odd Grimaſs
 ere he could speak, like *Balaams* Ass;
 sometime he wink'd, sometime look'd up,
 and running backward like a *Tupp*,
 as if to return with great force,
 he snorted like a very Horse;
 One thought upon another tumbled,
 One while he grin'd, another grumbled,
 At last, like *Cant*, or *Trail*, or *Durie*,
 he gave a Broad-side in a fury:
 looking as he would eat them all,

His

His words flew out like Cannon Ball.
 The love of Pelf comes from the Devil ;
 It's root of all mischief and evil :
 It makes Lords sup without a Candle ,
 When none can see their Knife to handle :
 While to bring Candles servants lingers ,
 Ten Candles will not heal their Fingers.
 It makes Fore-heads and Shins to bleed ,
 By saving Candle , to light to Bed.
 It makes them keep their Celler Keys ,
 Set secret marks on Hamms and Cheese ;
 Which , if but in the least defaced ,
 VVives , Servants , Bairns are all manaced.
 It makes them prigg for Milk and Eggs ,
 Put in a Broth Cocks , halves , and Leggs :
 It makes them Clout Elbows and Breasts ,
 Keep Rinded Butter in Charter Chests ,
 Till Ratts eat all their Law-defences ,
 And Families old Evidences :
 It makes them pay their Masons VVages
 By Usury , on VVedds , and Gadges
 Taken from Widows , who were plundred
 By paying Fourty in the Hundred.
 It corrupts Hamell , Sharp , and Sweet ,
 It poysons all , like *Aconite* :
 If it touch Hide , it goes to Heart ,
 And so affecteth every part.
 The great Ones do betray their trust ,
 Ladies throw Honour in the dust ,
 Like those who troad the *Cyprian* Dance
 VVith that *Financier* of France.

Puritans doth make of Ranters;
 and Cavaleers of Covenanters;
 Of Lords and Earls it makes Drapers;
 Of Priests and Levites it makes Capers.
 maketh grave and reverend Cheats
 in Pulpits, and Tribunal Seats:
 for any Crime it finds defences,
 With Oaths, it like a Pope dispences:
 caueth among Brethren strife,
 it makes a Man Pimp to his VVife:
 it makes yeeld Fortresses and Towns
 sooner then Armies with great Guns:
 it sets a fire Cities and Streets,
 it raiseth Tragedies in Fleets;
 it makes the vanquished victorious,
 And foyle then victory more glorious:
 it makes rebellion rise and fall,
 And hath such influence on all,
 That whom it made rebellious Nurses,
 it loyal makes, to fill their Purfes:
 it caueth many a bloody strife,
 VVhen needy male-content grow rife:
 Then by it Church and State are mended,
 And will be till the world be ended.
 Master, we all observe and mark,
 Since ye once doubt, ye will embarque.
 VVy do ye Conscience so neglect?
 Or, what, Master, can ye expect?
 Although among the VVhiggs ye Preach,
 A Bishoprick ye cannot reach:
 For Bishopricks are giv'n to none

Like

Like Presbyterian *John Gillon*,
Who, when he takes his Preaching turn,
Will make mee laugh then he makes mourne
Ye have infus'd in us Sedition,
Ye will us leave in that condition :
And then cause Print a Book of Season,
Tax whom ye have seduc'd of Treason,
And when so doing all men see,
Ye sing the *Palinod* of *Lee*.
The Cavaleers will still you call
The Archeft Rebel of us all.
Thus having said, he made a halt,
And stood, like *Lots* Wife turn'd to salt,
With Ear attentive, earnest Eye,
He did expect the Knights Reply.

Knight.

Who stroak'd his Beard, and bit his Lip,
And wip'd his Nose, and scratch'd his Hip,
He wry'd his Mouth, and knit his Brows,
He changed more then twentie hues ;
His Hands did tremble, his Teeth did chatter
His Eyes turn'd up, his Bumm did clatter,
His Tongue on Teeth, & Gumes did hammer
He fain would speak, but still did stammer :
His Garb was strange, dreadful, uncouth,
Till through his Epileptick Mouth
Thole following speeches fierce and loud
Burst out, like Thunder through a Cloud.
Thou poysons all, my little *Grege*,
Thou sentence- speaking *Carnifex* :

Thou

Thou hardy and presumptuous
 To meddle so with Peace and War;
 Rub my Horse-belly, and his Coots,
 And when I get them, dight my Boots;
 For they are better then Gramashes
 For me, who through the Dubbs so plashes:
 Yet I'll wear none, till I put on
 Those of the priest of *Livingston*;
 Who, when they hid them in the Riggs,
 Said they were plundr'd by the Whiggs,
 Unto another Priest, his Marrow,
 Who sent a Maid his Boots to borrow,
 Whose Boots were plundered indeed,
 As was his Salt Beef, and his Steed.
 Teach what I please, thou'lt not forbear
 To meddle with things without thy Sphear;
 Like Taylors making Boots or Shoos,
 Or like shoo-makers making Hose.
 Like some I know, as blind as Owls,
 Playing at Tennice, and at Bowls,
 And sometime Shooting at a mark,
 Like *Passavantius* playing the Clerk,
 Who meddled with, he knew not what,
 That he might get from *Rome* a Hat:
 Men oft by change of station tynes,
 Good Lawyers may prove bad Divines:
 Like *Sadoletto's* Dog in Satine,
 Like *Ignoramus* speaking Latine:
 Which raised most unnatural Jarrs,
 As between Law and Gospel Wars.
 Like *Bembo's* Parrat singing Masses,

Like men of seventy Courting Lasses;
 Like Highland Lady's knoping Speeches.
 When they are scolding for the Breeches,
 Like *Massionella* freeing *Naples*
 From *Gabells* put on Roots and Apples.
 Like Taylours scanning State concerns,
 Or Coblers clouting Church Governments.
 Like some attempting tricks in Statiques,
 Not veri'd in *Euclids* *Mathematiques*.
 Like Pipers mending *Morleys* Musick,
 Or Gardners *Paracellus* Physick.
 Like Atheists pleading Law refuges ;
 Like Countrey Treisters turning Judges.
 Like preachers stirring up devotions,
 By Preaching Militarie motions ;
 Proving there uses and didactiques,
 By passages of *Ælians* tactiques,
 Like Ladies making water standing, (ing.
 Like young Lairds, Horse & Foot command.
 Like Monckyes playing on a Fidle,
 Or Eunuchs on a Ladies middle.
 Like Gilliwetfoots purging States
 By papers thrown in pocks or Hats,
 That they might be, when purg'd from dung
 Secretaries for the *Irish* Tongue.
 Great wounds, yet curable, still faister.
 When fools presume to rule their Master ;
 As sad experience teach'd of late,
 When such reformed Church and State :
 Though all the Publick did pretend,
 All almost had a privat end.

There

There was no place of War, or State,
 But was by twenty aimed at ;
 Whereof nineteen were disappointed,
 Which made the Body whole disjoyned ;
 And rais'd among them such divisions,
 That they were to their friends derisions.
 Some aim'd at the Embroidered Purse,
 Some the Finances, to deburse,
 And other some thought to be getters
 By writting of the Privy Letters :
 Some aim'd at Privy Seal, or Rolls,
 Some Customs gathered in, and Tolls :
 Some did dry Quarterings enforce,
 Some lodg'd in Pockets foot and Horse :
 Yet still Bogg-scanted, when they yoaked,
 For all the Garrilon in their Pocket :
 And some made men morgage their Lands,
 To lend Money on publick Bands,
 To be pay'd at the Resurrection :
 Some Fines pay'd who oppos'd defection ;
 Some sold the Souldiers Mitie Meal,
 And some did from the Publick steal ;
 And some, as every body says,
 Us'd more then other twenty ways :
 Yet notwithstanding of all that ,
 They were lean Kine devouring fat.
 None gained by those bloody fairds,
 But two three Beggars who turn'd Laitds ;
 Who stealing publick Geese and Wedders,
 Vere fred, by rendering Skin and Feathers,
 When others of this Church and Nation

Returns unto their former station :
 And now , for all their stomachs stout ,
 Comes home more fools then they went out .
 Thou , like a Fire-brand , dost advise
 Us to be fools , when all are wise :
 Thy endeavours are all in vain ,
 Ere we shall play such pranks again ,
 The *Patagons* shall *Masses* mumble ,
 The *Dons* of *Spain* shall all be humble ,
Italians shall speak as they think ,
Germaines , when Sun's set , shall not drink ;
Swedds gaining day , shall not pile Baggage
 And *English* hate shall Beef and Cabbage ,
 The *Russ* and *Pole* shall never jarr ,
Danes shall gain by a *Sweddish* War ;
 Victorious *Turk* shall stand to reason ,
Scots shall be beat , and not blame treason ;
 The *Dutch* shall Brandie slight , and Butter
 And *England* Conquer by *De Ruyter* :
 The first burnt ardor of *French* hearts
 Shall not turn to a rack of farts ,
 And they shall spell as they do speak ,
 And they shall sing as they do prick :
 With Oaths they shall not lard their Speeches
 Nor change the fashion of their Breeches .
 All shall have for assured news ,
 That *Pope* from *Rome* have banish'd *Stews* :
 Rebellion shall return from Hell ;
 And do things which I will not tell .
 Though it were true , as some compares
 Our Bishops unto baiting Bears ,

Who

Who, if they be not kept in aw,
 They will tear all with Teeth and Paw.
 Yet many utterly mislikes,
 That Butcher Presbyterian tycks
 Should flee upon their throats and faces,
 To curb their Lordships, and their Graces :
 His Majesty, without all doubt,
 Should only Ring them in the Snout.
 If they so swell, that none can bide
 Their malice, avarice, and pride ;
 Vices, which all the world doth ken
 Familiar to Clergy-men,
 Of which, though palliat with art,
 Our own Presbytry had their part.
 Our duty is, with all submission,
 To press the grant of our Petition :
 The King will suffer us, perchance,
 As *Lewis* doth *Huggonots* in *France* :
 And in his Wars, Civil and Forraign,
 Make me Command in Chief, like *Turrain*.
 And though he grant not our demands,
 Away with Covenants and Bands ;
 Kings must command, we must obey,
 They Rebels are, who truth gain-say.
 Some tell, we must the truth so love,
 As of it not to quite a hoove.
 As said another fool, they marrow,
 As if his Majesty were *Pharo*.
 For my part, ere I trouble peace,
 I'll Bishops call, *My Lord* and *Grace* ;
 And kneel at the Communion Table,

Make Christmas-Feasts , if I be able :
 Privat Sacraments I'll avow
 Childrens confirming I'll allow ;
 And I will hear the Organs play ,
 And Amen to the Service say.
 I'll Surplice wear , and High-sleev'd Gown ,
 And to the Altar I'll bow down.
 Yea , ere his Majesty be wroth ,
 I'll Primate be , and Chancellor both.

SQUIRE.

The Squire replied in a chaff ,
 He gird'd so , that he seem'd to laff :
 And when ye travel in Carosses ,
 Ye will salute the Hic-way Crosses ;
 And when with danger ye are prest ,
 Ye will cross , sign fore-head and breast ,
 And ye will to our Lady pray ,
 And travel on the Sabbath day ;
 And ye will play with Lords and Lairds
 All Sermon-time at Dice and Cards ;
 And Ducks fight , like those of *Francee* ,
 And drunk and Creeple lead a dance ;
 And ye will venture Ax and Rope ,
 By writing Letters to the Pope ,
 To tell him , though ye here by *Haman* ,
 Ye worship with the King , like *Naman* ,
 And then accuse us all of Treason ,
 When ye put out your Book of Season.

KNIGHT.

The Knight look'd fiercely then about ,
 Thus

Thus thundering with a dreadful shout,
 Constant madnels thy Brains inthrals,
 Thou hast no Lucid Intervalls.
 Thy Waspish Tongue will never fail
 To prat, to scold, revile and rail:
 Though men should bray thee all to Powder,
 Thou still, *Theristes*, plays the louder.
 All honest and unbyass'd ken
 Those whom thou means't, were worthy men;
 They had some faults, though not so big,
 As rotten Flees, to spoil a Pigg
 Of Ointment; sooner it is known,
 We others faults see, then our own.
 Presbyterian, never one
 Faultless, at them could cast a stone.
 It's certain, it comes from the Devil,
 To hide men's good, and tell their evil:
 They never learned that of *Paul*,
 Or *David*, when he mourn'd for *Saul*.
 Thou art a Cocks-comb, void of reason,
 To tell me of a Book of Season:
 Thou learnd'st when thou kept Sheep & Hogs,
 With one Stone for to hit two Dogs.
 Though thou spue Venom like a Toad,
 That Book is much esteem'd abroad.

SQUIRE.

The Squire replyed, many deem
 Beyond Sea it is in esteem:
 When once it passed *Pentland Firth*,
 It rais'd among them such a mirth,

That

That some for laughter burst their Rheens,
 And other some did split their Spleens :
 They cherish'd it in every School,
 To be their Bibliotheca's fool ;
 When serious reading health did spill,
 That they might read and laugh their fill :
 Physitians it prescrib'd to men
 As Cure approved for the spleen :
 At Publick Meetings and at Feasts,
 It was the Topicks of their Jest.
 Some say, since known all his life
 To have had with the Bishops strife :
 Since for the Covenant none more wood,
 To make three Nations swim in blood :
 Since he spar'd none whom he could reach,
 Who 'gainst the Engagement did not Preach:
 Since to the Cause he stuck so fast,
 Since Bishops was restor'd at last,
 That in the Pulpit he did grant
 A Bishop was the Devils plant.
 Giving to all his hearers leave,
 If ever he turn'd to call him knave.
 And since, as every body says,
 He chang'd in less then twenty dayes :
 It's very like, at others budding,
 He turn'd his Coat for Cake and Pudding.
 Some say, he is a sounding Brass,
 Which signifies a pratling Ass :
 He brings no reason which can bind,
 But only fights against the wind.
 It's clear, that it doth with him fare

As with *Sampson* without his *Hair*.
 Before his change his wit was tough,
 And he could reason well enough:
 But now he kytheth like a fool,
 As one would whipp a Boy at School,
 To vent in Print so little reason,
 And call it an Advice in Season.
 Some say, that he treads Bishops Path,
 As *David* serv'd the King of *Gath*.
 Though men to censure him be rash,
 He gives the Bishops such a dash,
 They need not brag their cause is won
 By the Foster of *Henderson*.
 Some say, he Bishops doth betray,
 That Presbytry may gain the day,
 Who fed him for their Champion hidden,
 Others affirm, they are out-bidden;
 Which makes him take a contrair Task,
 As *Edward* answered once *Southesk*.
 A modest man wrote in a Letter,
 He might have pleaded meikle better.
 The charitable do not fear,
 But for a thousand Merks a year
 He would the Bishops yet withstand,
 If Covenanters rul'd the Land.

KNIGHT.

Then said the Knight, though in a Morter
 Bray this Fool, to no exhorter,
 Thou wilt give care; he'll put thee to it.

SQUIRE

To whom the Squire, what though he do
Both Reason there and Justice halts,
Where one's blam'd for anothers faults.
Was never Judge did things so foul,
Except himself, once at *Saint Rule* :
He forg'd Records, and them Enacted
To bear false Witness, when Extracted.
I cannot tell, till I advise,
Whether he did it twice or thrice.
Next, I will tell that he gave leave
If ever he turn'd, to call him Knave,
But he can challenge no reflection
Put on him at his own direction :
He is oblig'd to keep his word
As well as one who wears a Sword.
But if he chance to be so wroth,
As to break Word, as well as Oath,
I'll tell him, I take frantick fits,
And am distracted of my wits,
As he, and others said of late,
When they misguided Church and State.
And I them tax'd of forg'd Records,
As I can prove before the Lords ;
If that succeed not, it effects
That I be judged by my Peers,
That is, by fifteen Poetasters,
Half Fools, half Beggars, half Burlesquers :
All of them proved, Drinkers, Whoorers,
By Preachers, Forgers and Perjurers.
Ere such a Jury can be gotten,

do I'm certain , I'll be dead and rotten ;
 Or if Justice so shall halt ,
 As to cause hang me for this fault ;
 Hanging to me will be less trouble ,
 Then worrying on a windy Bubble
 At a Dike-side , or under a Stair ,
 If Weather be not very fair .

KNIGHT.

But then the Knight, we hear, he'll quarrel,
 That thou once served *Albemarle*.

SQUIRE.

To which the Squire , I have no fears,
 He dar not challeng't for his ears ;
 For I can make appear to all
 They toss'd me to him like a Ball.
 Next , ask that Duke , in any thing
 If ever I did prejudge the King.
 If forc'd was to dissimulation ,
 To shun a Rope , and serve my Nation
 I did no evil , but meikle good ,
 Saving mens Money , and their Blood ;
 Which services I did for nought ,
 Which were from men far richer brought.
 That Duke can tell , he did suspect it ,
 Albeit to try , he did neglect it :
 When by their Crafty instigation ;
 He urg'd was to my accusation.
 They all tell now of *Albemarle* ,
 But they told him another quarrel ,

In

In pleading I could touch a string ;
Whose sound will make their ears to ring.

KNIGHT.

The Knight said, tush, they'l no more sturr
Then Moon , when bark'd at by a Curr,
For all thy prat , on no condition
I mind to alter the Petition.

SQUIRE.

Then said the Squire , if ye'l not mend it
Advise at least , by whom to send it ,
Since we Petition for Religion ,
Your Lady , or your Dog , or Pigeon
Were fittest to be sent , if other ,
I'm sore a afraid we lose a Brother :
For I dare swear upon th'Evangel ,
When he hath got from each his Angel,
To help his charges to defray ,
The Fellow will us all betray.

KNIGHT.

When things succeed not ; fools do flite ,
Giving betraying all the wite ,
Reply'd the Knight , they said of late
They were betray'd , when they were beat
And they said true , who did not stand ,
Betrayed are by heart and hand
But to the point , as for my Wife ,
I'le never send her in my life ;
For fear some Courtier or other

Would

Would make me old King *Arthurs* Brother,
 My Dog is an unruly Curr,
 And at the Court will keep a sturr,
 Seeing Conformists up and down,
 He barks so at the High sleev'd Gown,
 That Bishops either will cause stone him,
 Or else yoak Boucher Dogs upon him.
 As for my Pigeon, it cannot be,
 She hath another gate to flee:
 A Messlage she hath tane in hand,
 To search for that most happy Land,
 Unknown to any heretofore,
 But only to Sir *Thomas More*:
 Where we intend to fix Plantation,
 If forc'd to change our Habitation.
 And since a Poet rightly hits,
 That greatest fools have greatest wits,
 To shun self-dealing, it is fit
 To choose one not outgrown in wit:
 So he can Buffonize, and Jest,
 At publick Meeting, and at Feast,
 And catch a time to tell the truth,
 Like *David's* great Grand-mother *Ruth*.
 The Whiggs with an applauding hallow
 Cry'd out, his counsel they would follow:
 Which once concluded, all arose,
 And set on Pans to make their Brose.
 When after that some fools were named
 To be employ'd, they all were blamed:
 And none thought fit, they still enquire,
 And find none fitter then the Squire

On him then they enforc'd the Message,
 When he went out on his Embassage,
 How at the Court he did arrive,
 How to affront him they did strive:
 But how the Buffons all he outted;
 How *Hudibras* his Squire he routed,
 When they two yoaked by the Ears
 About the baiting of the Bears:
 And how he manag'd every thing,
 And how he harrang'd to the King:
 And how he cited ends of Verses,
 And sayings of Philosophers;
 At which some laugh'd, and some were vex'd,
 Ye'l be advertis'd by the next.

F I N I S.

MOCK-POEM

OR,

WHIGGS SUPPLICATION.

PART II.

Ed,

WHen Bushes budded , and Trees did chip,
And Lambs by Suns approach did skip;
When Mires grew hard , like tosted Bread ,
That men might through the *Carses* ride :
When folks drew blood of arms and legs ,
When Geese and Turkies hatched Eggs:
When poor folks Pots were fill'd with Netles,
When Fish did domineer in Ketles;
When *Lent* did sore annoy the Glutton ,
When Sun left Fish to lodge with Mutton:
When night and day were of like length ,
Of *March* the eighth , or twelfth , at tenth :
When several Criticks , great and small,
By mending Lines , did marr them all.
When Transcribers preposterous speed
Made them like Pictures spoil'd with Threed
On Arras Hangings back-side , when
The lowr'd mistakings of some men

Made

Made several great wits of the Land
 Blame what they did not understand ;
 And some to hunt a Flea contrive;
 The Squire near *London* did arrive :
 To meet him old and young came forth ,
 As *Rome* did once to see *Jugurth*.
 They knew each passage of his Journal,
 Both by report and by Diurnal :
 We dread, they will him sore abuse,
 But let us first invock the Muse.

Thou Muse, who never dost abandon
 Those who have scarce a Legg to stand on ;
 When they ascend *Parnassus* Mountain,
 Till in the end they taste a Fountain
 Which makes an Owl then them sing sweeter
 Make me once more a fool in Meeter,
 That I may be of all admired ,
 Confuting Presbytry, casheered ;
 Which I of late so much adored,
 But now, when I get nothing for it,
 Make me, O Muse ! to change my Note,
 Declare against it, turn my Coat :
 Compelce me, Muse, these stout Bravado's
 Of these stiff-necked Reformado's,
 Who still maintain, unto this day,
 They have th'Office, though they want Pay;
 In others Harvest putting their Sickles,
 Troubling the Land with Conventicles ;
 Whose stubborn hearts cannot be turned
 By the Dialogues of *Gilbert Burnet*.

Prove, Muse, that Synod-men, Church-Ward-
 Are Bears, and Synods are Bear Gardens: (ens)
 For both have tongues, and teeth, and nails,
 But, Muse, what wilt thou do for tails?
 But that's all one, the matter's small,
 For true Bears have no tails at all:
 And so the simile still jumps,
 In stead of tails thou'lt find there rumps.
 When thou shews how the Squire disputed,
 And *Ralph* the Sectary confuted,
 That he of wits almost bereft him:
 But to the Squire now where we left him.

He melted all in tears for pity,
 Seeing the ruins of the City:
 But when he saw in other places
 Houses arise with goodly faces,
 And Turrets mounting up, and soaring,
 And the Air's middle Region boaring;
 So Phoenix, when it's burnt in Spices,
 Up starts another from its ashes.
 Cry'd out the Squire, *Rome* once was burn'd
 By *French*, then Worlds Mistress turn'd,
 God may the same to *London* grant,
 If it renew the Covenant.
 While this he spoke, his Horse he lights off,
 And with his Handkerchief he dights off
 Tears from his eyes, then on the ground
 He grovelling lyes meditating,
 His Horses grievous succussion
 Had so excoriat his Foundation,

That till the Hide his Hips did come on,
 The earth he could not set his Bum on.
 Then after sad Ejaculations,
 He vents these following Meditations.

Wallace, quoth he, having adoe,
 Still eat the quarter of a Cow,
 And to the boot, ere Cloaths were put on,
 He would sometimes dispatch a Mutton:
 For when he wanted morning fare,
 He was like *Sampson* without hair. (swell,
 A Priest, whose Teeth did Head and Leggs
 Did still eat Powder'd Beef and Eggs twell
 Before he Preach'd, else he half dumb sings
 Like to a Fiddle wanting some Strings.
 Hence, by experience I gather,
 He is a liar, though my Father,
 Who thinks, a man can do or speak well,
 Who doth neglect his fast to break well.
 I am ingag'd in a Transaction,
 Quoth he, requiring Tongue and Action,
 That to my Tackling I may fast stick,
 Though I should lose my Ears like *Bastwick*:
 Though they should ty me Heel and Neck
 It's requisite I take my Break-fast. (fast,

This said, his Budget he unlooseth,
 And all the wealth within discloseth;
 Which for variety did scorn
 The wealthy *Amelthea's* Horn;
 Or the rich Abbey of St. *Lawrence*,
 Or Cabine of the Duke of *Florence*,

Just like the Pocks of *Graham* and *Guthry* ,
 It was his Vestry and his Buttery :
 His Lardner and his Bibliothek ,
 Their lyes of Oat-meal neer a Peck ,
 With Waters help which Girdles hot Bakes ,
 And turns to Bannocks , and to Oat Cakes .
 There a piece Beef , there a piece Cheese lyes ,
 And there an old Night-Cap of Freez lyes ,
 His head attire , when he the house keeps ,
 On which now here and there a Louse creeps .
 Here lyes a pair of Shoes ne're put on ,
 And there lyes a Poor Man of Mutton .
 There lyes halt dozen elnes of Pig-tail ,
 There his Panash , a Capons big-tail ,
 With white in middle , shining Star-like ,
 And there be Onion-heads and Garlick ,
 The food of Turkish Janizaries ,
 There Turpentine and Larie Berries :
 His Medicine for passage sweer ,
 That for the Van , these for the Reer ;
 And there a piece of Poudered Fish lyes ;
 And there some Butter in a Dish lyes ;
 There Turnips thirty inch about lyes ,
 And there some Pepper in a Clout lyes ,
 There Fingram Stockings spun on Rocks lyes ,
 And there his Sneezing Milne and Box lyes :
 There lyes his Elson and his Lingle ,
 Which double-fold Shoes makes of single ,
 With help of old pieces of Leather ;
 There lyes some Wool that he did gather ,
 Left by the Sheep , as certain pledges ,

They were entangled in the Hedges :
 There Clouts and Papers little Mugs stops,
 As in Apothecaries Drug shops,
 With Vinegar and Oyl for Sallads ;
 And there lyes Books, and here lyes Ballads,
 As *Davie Lindsay*, and *Gray steel*,
Squire Meldrum, *Bewis*, and *Adam Bell*,
 There *Bruce* and *Wallace*, fierce-like *Mars*
 Knight :

There lyes *Dialogues* which his Arse dights
 There *Last-goodnight*, and *Chevie Chase*,
 With *Gendarms* in the Frontispiece,
 Which makes more weep, when they read on
 Thou *Curats Sermons*, sic upon it !
 And there lyes Bands, Shirts, and Cravats,
 There two three Skins of Lambs and Rabbits
 For to commence a *London Trade*,
 And this was all the Wealth he had.
 But pardon me I had forgot,
 There was some other thing I wot ;
 I think it powder was, and Leed
 To shoot the Bishop through the head.

He takes a Bible with Covering worn off,
 And ending and beginning torn off :
 He reads and then he says the Grace,
 Then to his Victuals falls apace.

When first bitt scarce down throat was sliding
 Within a dayes march of the midding,
 Then he a multitude espies

Approaching him With shouts and cries,
 He leaves his victuals, falls a gazing,
 Just like a Tupp when he's a grazing,
 When folks comes by, he flights his food,
 Stares in their face and chews his Cude.
 He thought these fools came out to meet him,
 That first they might salute and greet him,
 That afterwards they might him bring
 With greater pomp unto the King.
 Such honour at their entry-hours
 Are due unto Embassadours.
 Both dust and sweat from face he rubs off
 A Loking glass he makes the dubs of :
 He trims his Beard, and then his Head too:
 Right Basket-hilt on Shoulder-Blade too
 His hands he washes, pairs his nails
 Takes his Panash of Capons tails,
 Which he pins on before his Hat ;
 He put about a clean Cravat,
 And then upon his hands he streeches ;
 Two yellow Gloves, with green Silk steeches ;
 Leaps to his Horse and on he went,
 To take and give the Complement :
 While hips excoreat, made him swadle
 Through all the corners of the Sadle.

When he the multitude approaches,
 His Eyes he fixt first on the Coaches,
 Ranged like wild-geele in a line ;
 Then cryed he out, no friend of mine
 If I can hinder those, shall enter,

Tis

'Tis wonder people so should venture ;
 To break their arms , and legs , and heads ,
 And to disjoynt their shoulder blades :
 Ladies to have their naked Breeches
 Both view'd and Lanced by the Leeches ;
 Which made some husbands forth a Tuck hold
 Swearing the Rogue would make them Cuck-
 Those made a Lady of our Land (old)
 Upon her neck and shoulders stand
 With a third of half dozen Thighs ,
 Naked erected to the Skies ;
 And ere that posture she was got off ,
 Many did see the thing ye wot of ;
 Which when they told her , readily
 She answered , she wondred why
 They did not kiss't , and take their leave on't ,
 It was the last sight they should have on't :
 She vow'd thereafter , well I wot ,
 With her Grand dame to walk a-foot
 When Coach-men drinks , & Horses stumble ,
 It's hard to miss a Barla-fumble .

Then did he seriously begin
 Well to consider thote within :
 He soon perceived by their postures
 They were no Nuns brought up in Cloysters
 To show their Legs , some'trusts their Laps ,
 Some throw off Scarffs to show their Paps ,
 Some Masked were , the Sun to keep out ,
 Which lifting , now and then , they peep out
 Widows from Vails set out their Noses ,

As Snails do from their Shelly Houses;
As they would say unto the Gallants,
Come, Gentlemen, behold our Talents:
Come nearer, that we may espy you,
If ye be ought worth, we will buy you:
Where, ten to one, some get a fortune,
As one did with my Lady Nortoun.

Among the rest he did espy ones,
Whom he conceived to be Hee-ones:
Those he believed were his Mates,
Embassadours of Kings and States,
To do him honour at his entry,
With the Nobility and Gentry:
He cry'd to them to keep the peace,
And not to wrangle for the place,
For all of them remembred well,
Of that Bowtad of *Bateveile*,
Which cost the lives of brave Commanders,
And well nigh lost his Master *Flanders*.
He bids them all take place by Lots,
No King had place, but he, of *Scots*,
Whose Royall Ancestors, it's clear
Has kept one Race two thousand year;
Whose Successors as yet escaped
The tricks of *Pipin*, and *Hugh Capet*.
Others are not of that condition,
They'r Kings but of a late Edition:
Though some be small, and others greater,
Yet who go first, or last, no matter;
For all their Gold, Spices, and Wines,
They

They come from interrupted Lines.

Being inform'd of his mistake,
 It was to Ladies that he spake.
 What Devil they are? reply'd the Squire,
 They'r men in Garb, and in Attire,
 They've Vests, they've Swords, they've Periwigs
 They tread the measure of he Giggs,
 Just like the men, their Buttocks vaper,
 They cast their Gammonds up, and Caper;
 They Cajole Ladies at the Balls too,
 And standing pils against the Walls too:
 They're Spurr'd & Booted when they ride too,
 And gallop, when they Hunt, astride too,
 With Swords and Pistols they fight hard too,
 Some have appearance of a Beard too:
 And, which of all's the greatest wonder,
 They ly above, their Gallants under.
 Me's Dames, quoth he, that we may ken
 Whether ye women be, or men,
 It's fit ye open keep before
 About a Trencher breadth, or more.
 Ye're Monsters, if that do not measure
 The Circuits of your Holes of pleasure.

While he was giving this advice,
 They all surround him in a trice,
 All wondring at his Equipage:
 Some ask'd his Horses price, and age:
 If there came symphathetick speed
 From Riders heel, or heel of Steed;

If there came an enchanting force
 To Masters Purse, from Skin of Horse;
 Some, why no Spurs, his side to claw,
 And for Boots, several Ropes of Straw:
 Why Sodds for Saddle, and Branks for Bridle,
 And Plaids for Scarff about his middle.

Some asked his Panashes price,
 If't was a Bird of Paradise.
 Some ask'd if Basket-Hilt and Dudgeon
 Had ever set a work Chirurgeon,
 Some Jeer'd the long Crown of his Hat.
 Some at his Gloves, some his Cravat,
 Asking more Questions at once
 Then would have puzzled *John of Dunce*,
 Or *Bonaventure*, or *Socinas*,
 Or *Biel Ockam*, or *Aquinas*.

When *Sinan Bassa* Charg'd a Hill,
 To try his Military skill;
 Though many a grievous wound it got
 By Cannon, and by Musquet shot,
 The Hill did neither bow nor bend,
 Although he charg'd it thrice on end,
 But still abode him face to face,
 Chusing to die upon the place,
 Rather then turn its back and yield;
 Just so the Squire did keep the Field;
 And bravely did receive their Tongue-shot,
 Just as the Hill did *Sinan's* Gun-shot:
 He stood as senseless as a Stock is,
 Or among raging Waves, a Rock is,
 When furiously they knock its Crown,

To make it break, or make it drown.
 At last, he said, with sober grace,
 When ye grow hoarse ye'll hold your peace.
 Then fair and softly on he tripped,
 For, like a *Spaniard* when he's whipped,
 He thought it was a great disgrace
 For to accelerat his pace.

When they him saw so little troubled,
 Then they their Questions redoubled ;
 Some ask'd his errand, and his name,
 And from what Potentat he came,
 From *Turk*, or *Sophee*, or *Mogull*,
 Who wear much Linnen on their Skull,
 Or from either *Tartarian Cham*,
 Who of their Horse Hips make a Ham,
 Or from *Pegu* or from *Chine*,
 Or from the Emperour *Abyssine*,
 Or from the *Muscovite*, or *Poll*,
 Or *Dane*, whose chiefest wealth is Toll,
 Or from the Emperour, or the *Swede*,
 Or *Hogen Mogen* Brother-hood ;
 From the *Sauyard*, or the *Swisse*,
 Who Apples seeths with roasted Geese :
 From *Florentine* or *Portuguese*,
 Or from *Morocco*, or from *Fest* ;
 Or if he came from *Spain* or *France*,
 Or from some *Indian* Weerowance,
 To barter Gold and Beaver Skins
 For Glasses, Beads, and Knives and Pins :
 Or from the *Presbyterian Scots*,
 Who never yet had turn'd their Coats.
 Did he a Supplication bring

To put ill counsel from the King;
 And that his Majesty would grant
 Renewing of the Covenant:
 And had Commission for to tell him,
 He refus'd, they would compel him.
 When thus they pressed him so fast,
 Patience turn'd fury at the last:
 These last words did him so inrage,
 He fac'd about and gave a Charge;
 Then with his Tongue out, thus he stuters,
 With face awry, like old Cheese Cutters.
 You cursed Antichristian Rable,
 Ye Mungrels of the Whore of *Babel*,
 Ye Sectaries, and Covenant-breakers,
 Half Cuckold, and half Cuckold-makers,
 For all your flouting, and your ranting,
 When we went first a-Covenanting,
 Ye did us court, ye did us bribe,
 Invited us, like *Juda's* Tribe,
 To purge your ten Tribes of *Israel*
 From *Jeroboams* Calf, and *Baal*:
 Your money mov'd our Conscience
 To arm our selves in your defence.
 When your intentions you had got,
 And by our means, had under foot
 Trode all your foes, and them defeated,
 At last, we found we were but cheated.
 Your quarrel was, pretended bondage,
 By reason of Tunage and of Poundage,
 To get Militia by Law,
 To keep his Majesty in aw:

To

To free your selves when money waxes
From Inquisitions and Taxes:

Your only end was self enriching,
Your sole Religion was your Kitching.

You valued Puddings fodd in Pocks

More then Religion Orthodox:

Whereas we witness God and Angels,

Prophets, Apostles, and Evangelists,

For trash, or any earthly thing,

We never did oppose the King:

Yea, all of us, both great and small

Will quit him Lives, and Lands, and all

So he give way to purge the Temple,

As pleaseth Mr. *Gabriel Semple*.

He spoke so thick, he paus'd a little,
And having cleans'd his Beard from spittle,

Like *Tindale* at the Stake, he cryes

Lord, open the King of *Englands* eyes,

And then his Majesty will grant

Renewing of the Covenant.

Thus did he perorat his sitting,

As at *Tarantums* Spiders biting,

They were affected thereanent,

According to their Temperament.

Sanguinians did only last,

Cholerick Melancholians chaff.

Some bade hang him, some bade stone him,

And some did Mastives hunt upon him.

Some Daple under Tail did prick,

And made him bounce, and leap, and kick:

Some aim'd to tare his Straw Gramashes,

Some

Some cries, have at Beard and Mustaches :
 Some grasped him about the middle,
 Till Bumm did sound like Gambo Fiddle:
 Some would have Breeches down to whip him,
 Some with their Nails would tare & nip him;
 Some with Briars & Thorns would scratch him:
 One fearing that they would dispatch him,
 Who was a man more moderat,
 He made a Court^e sic with his Hat,
 And begged leave to plead his Cause
 According to the Nations Laws.

Contending with a foolish tongue,
 Quoth he, is but a War with dung :
 though in the strife we prove victorious,
 Dirt makes your finger-ends inglorious,
 As lately hapn'd unto one
 Who needs would quarrel *Sanderfon* ,
 And prove he was a lying knave,
 Of which, what credit could he have ;
 When he had done, he prov'd no more,
 Then all the world knew before.
 To take such pains, imports as much
 As any doubted he were such.
 Refuting such as he with words,
 Is like Canarie washing Turds :
 The Wine in taste and hue grows meaner,
 But Turds grow ner'e a whit the cleaner.

This simile though somewhat rude,
 Yet so appeas'd the multitude,

That by degrees their clamour fell,
 Like sound of Lute-string, or of Bell,
 When Thumb or Hammer at a Clock
 Gives the Epilogizing stroak.
 And in the end these furious Cryers
 Stood silent like observant Friars,
 Or like to Dumbies making Sings,
 Or like to Fiddles wanting Strings,
 Or like to Salmons, or to Codds,
 Or Turks, when they took in the *Rhodes*.
 Then piece and piece they dropt away,
 As ripe Plumbs in a rainy day;
 Till in the end, they all were gone,
 And left him standing all alone:
 Likeas, we do observe and see
 In those who are condemn'd to die,
 That they are sore annoy'd and troubled,
 At first, when they cast on their Doubler,
 Truss up their hair, their Eyes blind-fold,
 That they may not grim death behold:
 Thinking their neck the stroak is hard on,
 If any tell them of a Pardon,
 Although their heart be lighted somewhat,
 Yet fear and hope fight still a Combat,
 Till that they hear the Air to ring
 With Clamours of, *God save the King*:
 Then hope triumphs, and fear doth vanish,
 Like grief, when it's expell'd by *Spanish*,
 Just so the Squire, when all at once
 They him oppress with Fists and stones,
 A gelid fear his heart possessed:

His final hour approach't he guesst :
 Trembling he stood, in a Quandarie,
 And purg'd, as he had eaten Larie :
 As was confirmed by the speeches
 Of those who after washt his Breeches.
 When he perceived the retreat,
 That flight, quoth he, is but a cheat,
 Like that of *Greeks*, for to destroy
 An ancient City, called *Troy*,
 By help of that Tree Horse of *Pallas* :
 It is some stratagem of *Wallace*,
 Who in a Pig-mans Weed, at *Bigger*
 Espied all the *English* Leagure.
 But when he found by certain trial;
 The retreat was not forg'd, but real,
 Then did he resolution show,
 And like a Cock began to crow.

One man, quoth he, oft times hath stood,
 And put to flight a multitude,
 Like *Sampson*, *Wallace*, and *Sir Bewir*,
 And *Finmacoul* beside the *Lews*,
 Who in a Bucking time of year
 Did rout and chase a Herd of Deer,
 Till he behind, and they before,
 Did run a hundered Miles and more,
 Which questionless prejudg'd his Toes,
 For Red-shanks then did wear no Shoes;
 For to this day they wear but Calf ones.
 Or, if of older Leather, half ones.
 He chased them so furiously,

That

That they were forc'd to take the Sea,
 And swam from *Cowel* into *Arran*,
 In which Soil, though it be but barren,
 As learned Antiquaries say,
 Their Off-spring lives unto this day.
 But pardon me for such digressions,
 For, were it not for such expressions
 Which from the Muses we extort,
 Our Poems would be very short.

Then did the Squire obtest, and pray,
 And them conjur'd that they would stay,
 For he had quarrel against none
 But *Ralph* the Squire, and *Sanderfon*,
 Which two, as every body knows,
 Are Presbyterians mortal foes :
 Th'one calls them Bears by Allegory,
 That other Fellow wrot a Story,
 In which he doth them scandalize so,
 That all the Devils blush, he lies so;
 Thinking it would be liked well,
 He sent a Copy into Hell,
 To be perus'd in a Commitie,
 Then said a Devil which was wittie,
 It serves for nothing tell the fool
 But to be Napkins at the stool.
 When men exonerat their Tripes,
 Or lighting of Tobacco pipes;
 For Hells affairs are ne're atchieved
 By railing fools, of none believ'd :
 Hells fittest Agents, as all grants,

Are those who are reputed Saints.

And thus he made an end of praying.

Then all began to think of staying,

And one another did exhort,

For to return and see the sport ;

But *Sanderfon* appeared not,

Stout *Ralph* amated not a jot,

Bravely and resolutely did fall up,

First at the trot, then at the gallop ;

Just as the *Hugonots*, victorious

At *Contrus*, charg'd the Duke of *Joveus*,

And was upon him ere he wist,

Menaceing him with Tongue and Fist,

With all the Rable in his Rear,

Who followed him to see and hear.

The Squire, who only looks in jest,

Seeing what he expected least ;

He thought they verily were gone,

And that the storm was over blown,

Surprized with the sudden danger

Of *Ralph*, in such a furious anger,

Whom he thought did already spurn him,

He knew not to what hand to turn him ;

At last, his tongue and teeth commences

To vent Adages and Sentences.

It is a saying wise and old,

Quoth he, to make a Bridge of Gold

To fleeing enemies, it's best

To let a sleeping Mastive rest,

Lest he awaken'd with our knockings,

Are Tare all our Breeches and our Stockings,

And to the boot ; our Shin-bones hole up ;
 And from our Buttocks take a Collop :
 And with his furious teeth our throats cut ,
 Down which we watered Meal of Oats put ;
 Which we prefer , with *Loch-Broom* Herring,
 To all the King of *Babel's* farcing.

A foolish tongue , without remead ,
 Brings mischief on the owners head ;
 It is a pestilentious Clout ,
 Causing contagion all about ;
 It raiseth jealousies and fears ,
 Yokes Kings and Subjects by the ears.
 What was it else , but tittle tattle,
 That brought our Brethren out to Battle ?
 What stops them more from turning Loyal
 Then tongues of some , esteemed Royal ?
 With which they persecute those poor souls ,
 As setting Dogs do Pouts and Muirfowls ;
 At last , within their Netts ensnared ,
 And from all hop of pardon barred ,
 They force those poor men , under hand ,
 Still to rebel , to get their Land.

My tongue will bring me to that pass ,
 Quoth he , to which was *Hudibras* ,
 Who , when with honour he had got off ,
 In the adventure that ye wot off ,
 He not content , but seeking more ,
 Los'd all that he had gain'd before ;
 And was brought to a prison Tragick ,
 In Wooden Castle , made by Magick ,
 Where he too late laments his mishapes ,
 As Ladies , when they do not Miscap

From Gallants, of their own procuring,
From Husbands, when they go a-whoring.

Having dispatch'd this *Phrygian* wisdom,
Like Malefactor getting his doom,
He strained what he could, to shew

A tres bon mein en mau vais Jeu.

He out with Basket hilt and Dudgeon,
(While from his eyes came a deludge on;
As from the eyes of Children whipped,
Or sore Horse-eyes, with Vitriol nipped,)
Stands at his posture, Fencer-like,
And was within an Ace to strike;
Yet on the sudden, doth advise,
To take a course by far more wise,

Wise men, quoth he, as all men knows,
Try all things first, ere they try blows.

When *Rome* to Conquer, all was hasting,
Peace was the first, War was the last thing
They did practise to subdue Nations,
Who loved not such Innovations.

All the truth of Story misl not,
This is the *Cardo* of the Dispute.

And if my reasons do no good,
He dye their Breeches with their Blood:

But this within himself he mutters,
And then these words to *Ralph* he utters.

What means this furious hurly burly?

Friend *Ralph*, quoth he, I tell the surely,

I am no private man; believe,

I am a Representative:

Do force me to Degladiations,

Contrare to the Law of Nations:

Though

Though thou me should bang back and side,
 I could it (Honour safe) abide
 Brave *Mansfield*, challeng'd by *Baumaris*,
 Refused once to fight at *Paris*;
 Because he did Negotiat
 With Publick Trust Affairs of State.
 The *Spanish* Agent *Don Henriques*,
 Put up a great affront of *Criques*,
 Who once at *Rome*, his pride to danton,
 His Nose saluted with a Panton.
 Dost thou esteem me such a Coward,
 To be afraid of one as thou art?
 Thy threatnings are like Childrens Squibs,
 Though they singe Cloaths, they break
 Were it not that my Sword is rusted, (Rit
 Were it not that I am entrusted
 With things of such a high concernment,
 As Presbyterian Church-Government;
 For all thy frownings and thy cloudings,
 I would send Sun-shine through thy Pudding
 I do thee as a friend advise,
 ('Tis better soon then late be wise)
 That thou would let alone this Sword-fight
 And grapple with me in a Word-fight;
 Let's try who others best can Confute,
 This is the Cardo of the Dispute,
 If Synod-members, and Church-wardens
 Be Bears, and Synods be Bear Gardens.
 Thou dost affirm, I do deny,
 Prov't if thou can, I thee defy.
 One might have known by *Ralpho's* face
 He lov'd not War so well as Peace;

He only counterfeited courage,
 His wrath, teeth forward, was not true rage :
 Yet he his passion so dissembled,
 That Squire at first both shak'd and trembled;
 But when he heard the Squire speak big words,
 That in his Belly he would dig Swords,
 He looked then as if his Nose bled,
 And such a Flea within his Hose had,
 That in his mind was great confusion,
 Till he considered the conclusion;
 Where Peace was offered, and the War gone,
 He gave God thanks, like Praise God *Bairbon*,
 A good heart to himself he took then,
 And these same very words he spoke then,
 Which once the great Turk *Solymanus*
 Spoke to *Vilerius Liladamus* ;
 Having him under, at such odds,
 That he was forc'd to quit the *Rhodes*.

I'me glade to hear that now thy mind
 Is more to Peace then War inclin'd ;
 Then adds he, fighting is a fool thing,
 What doth it else but sturt and dool bring.
 It's better Tongues decide the matter,
 Then other Noddles pelt and batter.
 Now others beck, now others Dock hit,
 As feathred Fencers do in Cock-pit ;
 Who fights but in their own defences,
 Let them be Kings, let them be Princes,
 By Law and Reason I them can bind,
 That they are enemies to mankind ;
 As witnesseth Sir *Thomas Kellie*,
 And *Grotius de Jure Belli*.

What are such Warriours but oppressors,
 And many times we see aggressors,
 Who trouble other mens repofes,
 Gain nothing else but bloody Noles .
 Who quarrels pick with Neighbour Nations.
 Get Halberts thrust through their Foundations,
 As we may read in many a Book
 Of *Charles* that *Burgundian* Duke.

Poor High-way-men, with rattred hofe, are
 Not Robbers half so great, as those are
 Who Diadems wear on their head,
 And make so many living dead ;
 And so much Christian blood mifpends,
 Either for *French* or *Spanish* ends :

Thefe first, poor Rogues, will pick a Pocket,
 And break a Door up when it's locket ;
 And on the High-way will a Purfe take,
 When cold and hunger makes their Guts ake
 Those later, with their Armies Legions,
 Robes Kingdoms, Castles, Towns and Regions
 As laid two ten Tuns Ships Commander
 To *Macedonian Alexander*.

But now, let us come to the question,
 The which was raised the Contest on,
 Since thou so hard dost put me to it,
 I'll let thee see that I can do it :
 And have both will and wit to reckon,
 And beat thee at thy own tongue-weapon.
 Better perhaps, then thou believes,
 I'll prove those two affirmatives ;
 That Synod members, and Church-wardens
 Are Bears; and Synods are Bear-Gardens.

Thus said, his fingers he dispatches
 Unto his head, and winking scratches,
 First from the Van, unto the Reer,
 And then athwart, from ear to ear ;
 While like sagacious Hound, he traces,
 And windeth all the Topick places :
 Till in the end prepared *Satis*
 He disputes thus a *Comparatis*.

And first, quoth he, it's clear to all,
 They have the same original :
 For twenty shillings to a bodle,
 Both are the birth of humane noddle ;
 Both are in that degree of kin,
 As other brethren uterine.
 Its certain, there is never a word
 Of either, in Scripture, on record :
 And without question and all doubt,
 Thus Bear-baiting may be made out
 By holy writ, as lawful as is,
 That Chain of Presbyterian Classis.
 This for their birth, now for their nature,
 If with deliberation mature
 The case we ponder, beasts of prey
 And rapine, as are Bears are they
 who do establish Gospel order
 By Rapine, Sacriledge, and Murder.
 What are their Orders, Constitutions,
 Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions ?
 But several mystick Chains they make,
 To ty poor Christians to the Stake :
 And then set Hethen Officers,
 Instead of Dogs, about their cars.

What

What else are Synods, but Bear-gardens,
 Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,
 And other members of the Court
 Manage the ~~Babylonish~~ Sport :
 For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
 Do differ only in a meer word :
 Both are but several Synagogues
 Of Carnal men, and Bears, and Dogs :
 Both Antichristian Assemblies,
 To mischief bent, as far's in them lyes :
 Both strave and tail with fierce contests,
 The one with men, the other Beasts :
 The difference is, the one fights with
 The tongue, the other with the teeth :
 And that they bait but Bears in this,
 In th'others Souls and Consciences.

This to the Prophet did appear
 Who in a Vision saw a Bear
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of Church-rule, in this latter age ;
 Where every Hamlet is govern'd.
 By's Holiness, the Churches head :
 More haughty, and levere in's place,
 Then *Hildebrand*, or *Boniface*.
 Such Church, must surely be a Monster
 With many heads, for if we Conster
 What in th' *Apocalyps* we find,
 According to th' Apostles mind ;
 Tis, that the Whoore of *Babylon*,
 With many heads, did ride upon.

The Pastors who do rule this Kirk,
 What are they, but the handy wark

Of Mens Mechanick Paws & instilling
 Divinity in them, by feeling.
 From whence they start up chosen Vessels,
 As folks, by touching, get the Meazles.
 So Cardinals, they say, do grope
 At th'other end, the new made Pope.
 Bell and the *Dragon's* Chaplans, were
 More moderat then them, by far:
 For they, poor Knaves, were glade to cheat,
 To get their Wives and Children meat;
 But these will not be sob'd off so,
 They must have wealth and power too;
 Or else they'l make their patty good,
 By making Nations swim in blood.
 And thus I reasoned the Case,
 Once with my Master *Hudibras*.
 All that I said was too prolix,
 Here to repeat, I only fix
 Upon the Morrow, with a few words,

What thou has said's not worth two Cow-
 Reply'd the Squire, and then he smites (Turds,
 Fore-head with Fist, to rouse his wits;
 Which straight did take th'alarm so hot,
 That down to Tongue and Teeth they got:
 From whence, thus worded out, they flie,
 Like Bullets from Artilerie.

Ye Sectaries, quoth he, have bee-heads,
 They prats, a *Comberus*, with three heads:
 Neither of which barks any bon-sence,
 But railing, blasphemy, and non-sence:
 Thou'rt ignorant in Logicks Art,
 As I will show thee ere we part.

But to the point, now I will close,
 And reason *διαλεκτικος*:
 And first, I say, for my defence,
 Thy Argument wants Consequence :
 Though things agree to both together,
 It follows not the one's the other.
 Affirmatives, in second figure,
 Nothing conclude in Logicks Ligure,
 Which any constant man believes,
 So we may prove *Financiers* Thieves,
Camelions Beef and and Cabbage eaters,
 And Lawyers, and Physcicians, cheaters.
 That Horse are Men, and Owls are Ounces,
 That Privie Counsellors are Dunces :
 That Chamber pots are Looking Glasses,
 And Senators of Justice Asses :
 That Colledges, and Mules Cavernes
 Are Bawdie-houses turn'd, and Taverns:
 That Stews are places of Contrition,
 And Pulpets Trumpets of Sedition :
 And *Merlines* Prophecies Evangels,
 And *Dees* Spirits holy Angels :
 That all new Scurvies are the Pox,
 That Quakers Books are Orthodox :
 That rosted Wildcat is fed Lam,
 That *Gresham* Colledge is a *Bedlam* :
 Most of our first Retormers bad-men,
 And all the House of Commons mad-men :
 That Tallow Cakes are Ambergreefe,
 That Sun and Moon are *Cheshire* Cheese
 And VVhiggs, as loyal in opinions,
 As any of the Kings Dominions.

This for thy form, now for thy matter,
 Thou rails on some, others to flatter :
 Thy *Medium's* seeming true, yet false are,
 As Turnips growing in the Paltzar ;
 Or any other fertile ground,
 Hollow with Worms, though skin be sound :
 Like Aples in the Lake of *Sodom* ,
 Like Beauties clapped in the bodom :
 Like sour Drink in Silver Tankers :
 Like Golden Petticoats on Shankers :
 Like bald Heads with Periwiggs :
 Like sweet Powder on frilled Giggs ;
 With Aged Ladies now in Fashion,
 When they would play beside the Cushion.

But who reason in generals,
 Th'argument contentions and brauls ;
 They bring but Bout-gates, and Golinzies,
 Like *Dempster* disputing with *Menzies*.
 Men hardly can scratch others Faces,
 When they are distant twenty paces :
 Ple neerer come thy thrusts to Paree,
 Whereas thou dost Argumentaree ;
 That Bear-baiting may be made out,
 Without all question and doubt,
 By holy Writ, as lawful as is,
 Lay-elder-Presbyterian Classis.
 Though few be clear, how doth the thing go?
 I answer unto the *distinguo* ,
 For if thou mean by Text express,
 Thou speakst the truth to all confess
 This is our Orthodox Defence
 Presbyteries prov'd by Consequence.

It is no Popish superstition,
 By consequential tradition
 To prove an Article of Faith,
 As learned *Polyander* saith.

What have our Doctors else to say
 For Pædobaptism, or that day
 Which chang'd was, when the church spoke
 From last to first day of the Week. (Greek
 If thou were put to this distress,
 To prove Bishops by word express.
 Then Oyster-wives might lock their Fish up,
 Come to the Streets, and cry, No Bishop.

Whereas thou dost affirm and say,
 Presbytry-men are Beasts of Prey
 Who do establish Gospel-order
 By Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murder :
 Thy reason hear both but and ben halts,
 It's not the causes, but the mens faults.
 Unto that Sore, I gave this Plaister ,
 When I did dispute with my Master :
 To blame a cause, for persons vices
 Is one of Satans main devices,
 Wherewith he very oft doth make
 Well-meaning men the truth forsake.
 It's not superfluous and vain
 To tell a good Tale ov'r again.

None can deny but these things fell out,
 But the true cause thou dost not smell out;
 Thy fallacy consists in this,
 Thou mak'st a cause where no cause is.
 Children are taught in the Schooles,
 Who reason so, they are but fools.

Was never yet a Reformation
 Of Church, in any Age or Nation,
 But still the Devil, to make it vain,
 The outmost of his wits doth strain:
 He beats all Hell up with a taber,
 To make Reformers lose their labour.
 When first he sees he doth no good
 By persecution and blood,
 By seeming Sheep, and yet but Goats,
 By Weeds appearing Wheat and Oats,
 By seeming Diamonds, yet but Glass,
 By seeming Gold, and yet but Brass,
 By Serpents in appearance Fish,
 By Silver Potles fil'd with Pish,
 By Saints without, and Fiends within,
 He strives the cause to undermine:
 As is recorded in the Pages
 Of Stories written in all Ages.
 When Christ appeared, came a *Thudas*,
 And with Saint Peter, came a *Judas*;
 With *Luther*, *Rotmans* Knipper-dolings,
 Who troubled *Munster* with their foolings.
David Georges, *Johns* of *Eyden*,
 As is at large describ'd by *Steyden*.
 When *Calvin* came, then came *Socinians*:
 When *Perbins* came, then came *Arminians*:
 With *Hendersons*, and *Cants*, and *Trails*,
 Came some, who whisked *Ladies Tails*.
 Who for such take us, are to blame, as
 One would revile St. Paul for *Demas*.
 And others also came, to wit,
 Those Locusts of th' infernal pit:

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 Who for such take us, are to blame, as
 One would revile *St. Paul* for *Demas*.
 And others also came, to wit,
 Those Locusts of th' infernal pit:

Who seem'd at first all Covenant-takers,
 But straight turned Anabaptists, Quakers,
 Artemonits, Photinions,
 Serverians, Socinians,
 Manitheans, Novatians,
 Scepticks, and Corpocrocians,
 Prochanits, Sabellians,
 Setheans, Circumcellians;
 Herodians, Herminians,
 Somonians, Arminians,
 Docitheans, Menandrians,
 Eunomeans, Cassandrians,
 Eutichians, Nestorians,
 And Doctor *Henry Morians*;
 Noerians, and Martionitæ,
 Gnosticks, and Anthropomorphitæ,
 Gortheans, and Calphurnitans,
 And Mr. *Gilbert Burnetans*;
 Meletians, and Arrians,
 And Antilabatarians;
 Helvidians, Cainians,
 Coluthians, Agrippinians;
 Some Chiliafts, and Lampetians,
 Some prove Melchizedecians,
 Cleobians, Florinians,
 And some prove Maximinians:
 Abelian, Thebusians,
 Ophitæ, and Pepusians,
 Rhetorians, Quintilianists;
 Circoterists, Pristilianists,
 Eucratits, Herimogenians,
 Marians, and Origenians,

Corintheans, and Alogians:
 Some half some whole Pelagians,
 Some Antitactæ, some Montences;
 Ascitæ some, some Royatenses,
 Some Donatists, Volesians,
 Some Archonticks, some Ætians
 And some turn Theodorians;
 Tascodrongits, Nepotians,
 And some Disciples turn'd of *Brown*,
 Who first infected every Town;
 Doritheans, and Fratricels,
 Some Neilorists, with Hood and Bells;
 Some *Transilvanian Tritbeite*,
 Who once made drunk with *Aquavitæ*:
 With Fists *Alstedius* did belabour,
 And tore the Beard of *Bethlehem Gabor*:
 Some *Adamits*, who as the speech is,
 Cast off their Petticoats and Breeches:
 Some other Hereticks more gross,
 Describ'd by *Alexander Ross*;
 For which, at present I want time,
 And though I had, I have not Rhime.

That thy Bear simile may jump,
 Those were our Tails, that was our Rump,
 Which from our Buttocks being broke off,
 Did all these horrid things you spoke of.
 But if thou still insist to rail,
 Saying we did them with our Tail:
 That cavel's very quickly put off,
 'Twas with our Tails, when they were cut off
 If with my cut off Arms and Legs
 Thou Bishops Noddles Crush like Eggs;

Not

Not I, late owner of the same,
 But thou who strikes, must bear the blame.
 It's true indeed, at the beginning
 We smelled those things were a spinning,
 But who leads Ladies through the streets,
 Expecting favour within Sheets,
 Coming to places, fy upon't,
 Where none but one can pass in front,
 So Barricado'd is the way,
 With emptied Privies, Mire and Clay:
 If they find no clean place to stand on,
 Yet ere their Mistriſs they abandon,
 Through dung they march, like a bold Fellow
 Till Shoes and Stockings grow Gold yellow.
 This is our case, if I have skill,
 Make the *Apodosis* who will,
 The sum is in our ends, we mean well,
 Though means we us'd, cannot sustain well.
 Whereas thou sayest, our Constitutions,
 Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions,
 Are severall Mysticks Chains we make,
 To ty poor Christians to the Stake:
 And then set Heathen Officers
 In stead of Dogs about their ears.
 At all thou dost not prove the question;
 The which was raised the Contest on.
 Madness within thy Brains hath far got,
 Proving them Bears, thou proves they are not
 Whoever yet did see or hear,
 That Bears yoa'k't Dogs upon a Bear;
 As said thy Master, that brave man too,
 Who reason'd better then I can do,

If Synod-Members; and Church-wardens
 Be no Bees; Synods no Bees-gardens
 Are, as to these is evident, *Sirs*,
 VVho reason can a *Conjuration*
 Thus worke then any Man believes,
 Thou proves these two affirmatives
 And after thou has crackt so crould,
 Thy Mountains do bring forth a *Mouffe*.
 VVhereas thou Presbytry dost *Confess*
 To be the *Apocalyptic* *Mountain*.
 Likewise to be this very *Bear*
 Which to the Prophet did appear
 Refiguring the beastly rage
 Of Church rule in this later Age
 Thou dost interpret Scripture oddly,
 That thou may'st rail upon the Godly,
 Scripture oft thou proves, as he was,
 whose fool Bonnet-cake a Bee was;
 Who needs would Presbytry have the Cabal
 Deciphered of the VVhore of *Babel*;
 the Antichrist which Saints Blood spilled,
 and *Enoch* and *Elias* killed.
 He was so mad, he thought no shame
 whose very murdered Saints name,
 is sure he either was distracted,
 Or on a Stage the Fool he acted.
 I am confident, and do believe,
 these two brave men were alive;
 they would get *Bullies* for their pains,
 VVho hatch such glosses in their brains,
 is lamentable, many deem
 one love the King, but who blasphemes

And ~~still~~ make holy Write the Scale, on
 Which they take measures for to rail on
 Presbyterie for the King more stout, as
 Those whom the very Children stout, as
 Champions, who though tongue valiant,
 Yet meeting with a fierce assailant,
 Though with their tongue they take his part,
 Their actions are not with a start.
 They may well drink his health in Taverns,
 And speak big words in Holes and Caverns.
 Devising Stories, Lies, and Fables,
 Call his most Loyal Subjects Rebels;
 But when they come to blows and knocks,
 They face about, and turn their Docks.
 Run to their Pottle, which they mind most
 Crying, the Devil take the hind-most.

Where thou say'st, Preachers of our Kirk
 And Pastors, are the handie-work
 Of mens mechanick paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling:
 From whence they start up chosen Vessels,
 As men by touch get Itch and Meazels.
 I see not clearly what thou means here,
 I think thou blasphemý sustains here:
 This with our Church Monomachie
 Ends with a Gigantomachie.
 First, having fallen on her out-works,
 Or hedge, thy fancy round about works,
 Till in the end thou find occasion,
 Thinking she can make no evasion:
 Then thou with this blasphemous dart
 Thinks for to smoor her through the heart.

Like Malefactor ty'd to Post,
 By railing on the Holy Ghost.
 The author of Manual Imposition,
 By Text exprels, and by Tradition,
 Thy own and others souls deluding,
 By such prophane similituding,
 No Porphyre, Julian, or Celsus,
 As all the ancient Stories tells us)
 The Christian Faith blasphem'd, as thou doth,
 And others like thee, not a few doth:
 Who bred, out of the peccant humours
 Of this our Church, like Weins and Tumors;
 Like Maggots bred within a sore,
 Would that which gave them life devour.
 Thou'lt say, these last four Lines were itollen.
 Answer with that Red-thank sullen,
 Once challenged, for stealing Beef,
 Stole then from another Thief.
 Now since thy Sophistrie's confuted,
 And, to have my Lungs recruited.
 When *Ralph* intended to reply,
 His voice was drowned with a cry
 Of those, contending who the better
 Had, of the Champions, some the latter,
 Some the first, and some said neither,
 And some affirm'd, they knew not whether.
 There was, amongst the rest, a fellow
 Of swarthy hue, enclin'd to yellow;
 His hide enambled with itch was,
 He just splea-footed, like a Witch was:
 He was both broad and tall of person,
 With a long Sword behind his Arse on,

Which he said was to serve the King;
 Some think he meant another thing;
 However he was such a person
 'Twas thought among them all was scarce one
 Who better understood how things went,
 What Rumps and Presbyteries designs meant,
 And the Kings too, it's known he
 Had sometime served all the three.
 They all conjured then alone him,
 That he would take the speech upon him,
 And finally decide the matter,
 Who had the worst, who had the better:
 Which unto him would be but small pains,
 Who under all had made no small gains:
 At which request the Cacodæmon
 Upon him took to be Palemon.
 While Advocats of both the Parties
 With earnest and with piercing heart eyes
 Expect his doome, like Nero praying
 For justice to his Fiddle playing.

It's sport, quoth he, to be spectators
 To such a pair of Gladiators:
 To see how they on other thump,
 He the lay-elders, he the Rump,
 Others affront with such disgraces,
 And so throw dung on others faces.
 When thieves reckon, it's oft-times known
 That honest people get their own.
 By sad experience found it was, how
 That both these parties, *pari passu*
 Had ruine brought, and desolations
 On their own, and their neighbours Naïon

When one the other had ov'come,
 And trode all under foot at home,
 Then they send out their wooden high-towers,
 To trouble the repose of Neighbours:
 And some times hither, sometimes thither,
 Set *Europe* by the ears together:
 That troubled with their mutual factions,
 They might not pry into their actions:
 Which were, as all the World doth ken,
 Abhorred both by God and men.
 Nought more secureth desperat matters,
 Then fishing doth in troubled waters.
 By such like policy and slight,
 They brought their power to such a hight,
 That *Denmark*, *Holland*, *France*, and *Spain*,
 And *Sweden* did strive with might and main,
 With humble and submissive speeches,
 To get the first kiss of their Breeches.
 They brought upon all such a terror,
 All seem'd to idolize their error,
 But thanks to God, and *Albemarle*,
 We now delivered are from peril.
 But none to thee, reply'd the Squire;
 His breast so filled was with ire,
 That's eyes both sparkled and scintilled)
 Like VVolf, or VVild cat, when it's killed,
 It's known thou didst what ere thou could.
 (But yet not so much as thou would)
 To make us still under that peril
 Which was remov'd by *Albemarle*,
 To prospering King, loyal to wonder,
 Still traitor to him when at under,

When thou, at playing with both hands,
 Has got inheritance and Lands,
 Thou takes upon thee now to teach,
 And like a Fox, to Lambs doth Preach,
 That Both of us did desolations
 And ruine bring upon the Nations,
 I answer, both did mischief bring,
 We by mistake, they by design:
 When all is true thou say'st, yet that's but
 Like Monkeys Chesnuts, with a Cats foot
 Pulling from Ashes, or from Embers:
 Bathrons for grief of scorch'd members,
 Doth fall a fuffing, and meawing,
 While Monkeys are the Chesnuts Chewing:
 Yet more by Policy then force,
 They made our Brethren, Foot and Horse
 To pull them Chesnuts from the fire,
 And wealth and power to them acquire:
 By which they did all Europ toss,
 While we got infamy and loss.
 Though I should teeth beat, like a Tabor,
 With tongue, I fear I lose my labour.
 We by experience do find,
 That a proud stubborn froward mynd
 With prejudice intoxicated,
 Can hardly be indoctrinated:
 And yet my labour's not mispent,
 If any be indifferent,
 They'l find, as Sun doth shine in clear day,
 That we were only Rogues by hear say,
 But fools indeed, which we will mend
 When we grow wiser, there's an end.

But now I fraight will to the King,
 Discharge the Message which I bring :
 Perhaps his Majesty will grant,
 If well informed, what we want.
 However, hope he will not fail
 To hear till I tell out my tale.
 Though others foam, and fret, and chaff,
 I hope his Majesty will last.
 Having this spoke, his Horse he switches,
 First on the snow, then on the Breeches ;
 Who half a sleep, at last was got
 With much difficulty to trot,
 Yet some times paus'd he in the middle,
 Like Cadance keeper to a Fiddle ;
 With rest alternative, and motion,
 The Squire rides on with great devotion,
 Till he came to his journey's end,
 H'alights, and doth not long attend,
 When some there came, who did him bring
 Straight to the presence of the King ;
 Whom he espying, bow'd his knee,
 And said, if please your Majestie.

The Sun indifferently on all shines,
 As well on low Shrubs, as on tall Pines ;
 God hears the cry's of rich and poor :
 Wise Solomon, to right a Whore
 Resolv'd a doubt, to all mens wonder,
 Feinging to cleave the Child aunder,
 Your Majesties wisdom inherent,
 And goodness, who are Gods Vicegerent,
 Will not disdain to hear complaints
 Of us, though but rejections.

Ye'll hear me, Sir, Defend our Cause,
 Though it be contrary to the Laws;
 That ye may solve that Gordian knot,
 if we be Rebels, and if not;
 If we be fools, who affirm we're neither;
 He is a liar though my Father.
 I'll use no speech with Art besprinkled,
 Like Fairing on a Face that's wrinkled;
 Without Rhetorizing fond shows,
 While I speak, Sir, as't in the ground grows;
 If ye a gracious ear afford,
 Sham fall me if I lie a word.

Most men affirm, they do not for what
 We Non-Conformists now would be at:
 That we're more sundred in opinions;
 Then are the King of Spains Dominions;
 Then gazers on the late new Star were,
 Then the Commanders at Dunbar were;
 Then Lawyers and Physicians Counsels;
 Then Wives who Kail and Herbs in Towns
 Canvassing things in Church and State,
 When Drink has set aloft our Pace.
 Where once we agree, three times we squable,
 As doth a Bag-pip's Base and Treble.
 One fears that which another hopes for,
 Like Cardinals, when they make Ropes;
 Like Heirs of Line, or Heirs of Tailies,
 Or Gild, or Tradesmen making Bailies.
 Now whether these be rams and flaws,
 Devis'd, Sir, to defame our cause;
 Or whether there be something in it,
 Hear out my Tale, now I begin it,

If I conjecture not amiss,
 The marrow of the matter is this
 Some while ago, Sir, I was sent
 Your Majesty to complement,
 To beg some Preachers which we wanted,
 But ere I came, Sir, they were granted
 When all expected thanks most hearty
 To you, from all the Godly party,
 I was informed by a Letter,
 Were grown the Devil & whit the better.
 Our old blind Zeal within us still bides,
 We haunt Conventicles on Hill sides,
 Gives to our Preachers blows and knocks,
 For which we'r put in Irons and Stocks.
 I wondered what the matter meant,
 I thought, Sir, that the Devil was in't,
 At length I was inform'd of new,
 The fault was only of a few;
 Not of us all, and these we knew
 Have ever been *John Thomsons* men,
 That is still ruled by their Wives,
 Who carping at some Preachers lives,
 And reading their erroneous Books,
 Oppunging Doctrine Orthodox:
 Cry'd out, Prophanity and Atheism,
 Gross Popery and Arminianism,
 Is brought upon us by the Prelats,
 With such expressions, those Shee-zelots
 Vrought fo upon their Husbands fancy,
 That they from Fever fell to Frenzy,
 Threw at their Preachers Stones and Clods,
 As setters up of other Gods,

As Baal, Beelzebub, and Dragon,
The Apocalypstick Whore and Dragon.

Though such proceedings be half treason,
Yet to inform you there is reason:
If any introduce the Schisme
Of Popery, or Arminianisme.
That Popes, Sir, are most dangerous things
To Princes, Emperours, and Kings,
They set their feet upon their neck,
They make them, Sir, kneel down and beck,
To hold their Stirrop when they ride,
And run like Lackeys at their side:
They make them bow down mouth and nose,
To kisse, and smell, their sweaty toes;
Makes them stand bare-foot at their Gates,
And buy their peace at monstrous rates.
They must have from them power all,
Both spiritual and temporal,
Or they'l hunt men to cut their throats,
And blow them up with Powder plots;
As both your Grand-fathers can tell,
Yea, they will curse their souls to hell,
And give their Kingdoms to another,
Who pays most to their Bastards Mother,
It's long since for the Holy Ghost
At Rome *Olympias* rul'd the Rost:
Who think the practice far more sweeter
Of *Simon Magus*, then *Simon Peter*.
That I speak truth, Sir, within measure,
Appears by *Don Olympias* Treasure,
The next Successor of St. *Peter*
Thought he could take a course no fitter,

Then part the Simoniack pelf,
 And take the one half to himself,
 Then said one, though a Conclave Brother,
 It went from one Thief to another.
 Strange! any Orthodox Divine
 Should doubt who is the Man of Sin?
 Which questionless they had not done,
 If they had read on *Paul* and *John*,
 Who paints him in their Prophecies,
 As they had seen him with their eyes.
 What e're Divine of your Dominions
 Vents to the world such opinions,
 Let them be Gold, let them be Glass,
 A Serpent lurks within the Grass.
 It's thought the Earl of *Wiltshir's* *Spaniel*
 Knew Antichrist, foretold by *Daniel*,
 And *Paul* and *John*, better then they
 Who study Scripture every day.
 When that the Pope held out his foot
 For to be kissed round about,
 Wond'ring to see the Carle so vain,
 He snatch'd it till he piss'd again.
 Thus much of those erroneous Books,
 Oppugning Doctrine Orthodox.
 Next, Sir, as for those Preachers lives,
 So much cry'd out on by our Wives,
 All the account that I can give on't
 Is, that my Minnie hath the lave on't.
 I wish them keep a sober diet,
 Or, if they drink, Sir, keep it quiet;
 If openly they haunt the Brewers,
 We'll not secure them from stone throwers.

We cannot help it for our life,
 Sir, who can rule a Lawlets Wife?
 To make a willful Wife her fits mend,
 Would put your self, Sir, to your wits end
 Though they cause whip them through the
 Town,
 Though they them hang, though they them
 drown,
 Seeing Priests drunk at third Bell ringing,
 They'l up with stones, and fall a singing,
 And thus, Sir, I have shew'd you how
 The fault is only of a few,
 And not of all, and their defence
 Is, that they follow Conscience:
 If it be so, by Bishops leaves,
 They cannot well be called knaves:
 What e're they be, it may be said,
 Knaves never yet a Conscience had.
 And that a greater slander refers,
 If they be no knaves, they'r no rebels.
 I doubt any Logician can
 A rebel prove an honest man.
 What are they then? we need n'advise,
 They'r poor folks, large as dart as wise.
 If they be such, and wish you well,
 As others of their actions tell,
 When in the English Troupers faces
 They you remembered in their Graces.
 That there may be a solid peace,
 Remove the cause, the effect will cease.
 Take notice of those whimsy Books,
 Which in effect are heterodox.

fonce those Preachers mend their lives,
 There will be no Stone-throwing Wives,
 Forbid them scandalize the Leidges,
 By drinking healths to Ports and Bridges,
 To Whore of *Babel*, and to Giggs,
 And to preveen complaints of VVhiggs,
 To scratch their skin, cut Caps and Cloaths,
 And swear 'twas Whiggs, with monstrous oaths
 But see misfortune and mishap,
 For scratch of Skin, and cut of Cap
 Examined to strictest rigours,
 Had different Geometrick Figures.
 Though Cap was hither mov'd and thither,
 The wounds could ne're agree together.
 Such scandal makes the Gospel sink,
 Such Books and Priests remov'd, I think
 VVe'll keep the nine and twenty May-day,
 On Thursday, Saturday, or Friday,
 On Tuesday, VVednesday, and Mondays,
 Or any other day but Sunday:
 Yea, Sir, when ye have ought adon,
 To hazard lives and fortunes too.

VVe will be ready at your call,
 Else plague of God upon us all.

Observing how they all spy'd him,
 Chiefly how all the Ladies ey'd him;
 VVas none among them all so coy,
 VVhom he had not made laugh for joy,
 Believing, of them all was scarce one
 That honoured nor his parts and person.
 He ears begins to prick, and neigh too,
 Just like a Ston'd Horse in a Meadow.

Yet curbing, as he could, his passion;
 Till he should better learn the fashion:
 He made a Congee, and got him down,
 To see the rarities of the Town.

How he did visit *Bedlam* fool men,
 And disputed with *Gresham-School* men:
 Discoursing of their Pigs and Whistles,
 And strange experiments of Muscles,
 Of Resurrections of Raits,
 And of the Language us'd by Cats,
 When in the night they go a Cating,
 And fall a scolding and a prating:
 Of their blood borrowing and lending,
 And all the Ancients wisdom mending;
 Perhaps ye'll hear another time,
 When I want Money and get Rhime.
 I have no leisure for it now
 Let it suffice, to tell you how,
 That going home-wards near to High-gate,
 His Muse had on her such a gay foot,
 That seeing *London* flee his view,
 He stands, and bids it thus, *Adieu*

From hard Calamities of Wars,
 and ruins caus'd by Fire,
 A noble work thou dost arise,
 like *Phoenix* from it's Sire.
 How stately Buildings thee adorn,
 and Towers which smite the Sky,
 Whose Bells do by their melody,
Appollo's Harp out-vy.

More famous, skilful Artisans,
the world never had :

Thy Merchants worth Nobilitates,
the wealth he gets by Trade.

Thy Bishops zeal and Pictio,
up through the Heavens do see ;

Thy Magistrats, who thee govern,
might *Roman* Consuls be.

Immortal vertues eloquence,
and deep insight of mind ;

Thy Muses, those of *Pallas* Town
are not a jot behind.

And as the Sun, unto the world
communicats his light ;

so by thy Kings resplendant beams,
brave Town, thou shines so bright.

So *Rome* arose, after the *Gauls*
had it destroy'd by flame.

Till in the end, the worlds bounds
and *Romes*, did prove the same.

London, that path by thee begun,
if thou insist upon,

strange, if the worlds Empire and thine
in end prove not the same.

Now, thy buildings see my sight,
thy Towres go out of view,

bid thee then, with weeping eyes,
most generous Town, *Adieu*.

The llame in Latine

Post diras belli clades, flammæque ruinam,
è cinere ut Phoenix nobile surgit opus.
Quam decorant Edes, ferientes sidera iuncti;
pulsibus abjecta cessit Apollo lyras.
Artifices clari maiore & adamante nosquam,
mercator meritis nobilitavit opes.
Præfulis insignis pietas posuere Olympum;
Consulibus potuit Roma iuncta Regi;
Moribus, eloquia, mentisq; indagine musis;
attica non major docti Cæcæna tuis.
Ut Phœbus mundum perfundit lumine Regis,
sic splendet radiis Urbis generosa tuis.
Gallica sic crevit post illa incendia Roma,
 tandem idem limet orbis ex arboribus.
Londinum incepta si pergas transire miranda
imperium facris ut celsis & iustis idem.
Nunc Edes visum surgunt; subsidere muros
aspicio lacrimans; urbs generosa, Mala

